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**JESSE HUGHES**

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**POP SHOTS**

Cover Girl: July  
Pet of the Month  
**TOMI TAYLOR**

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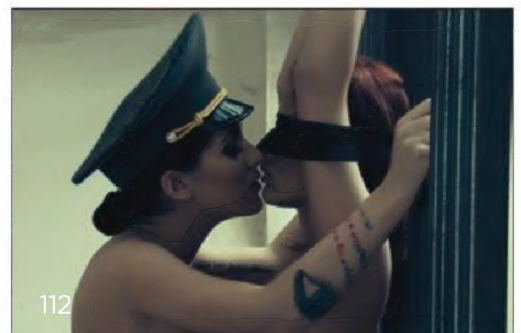
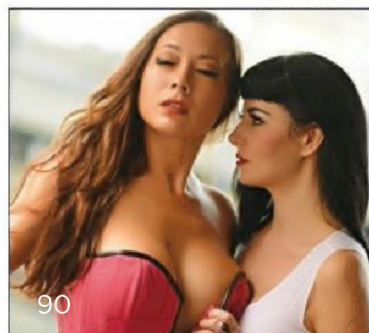
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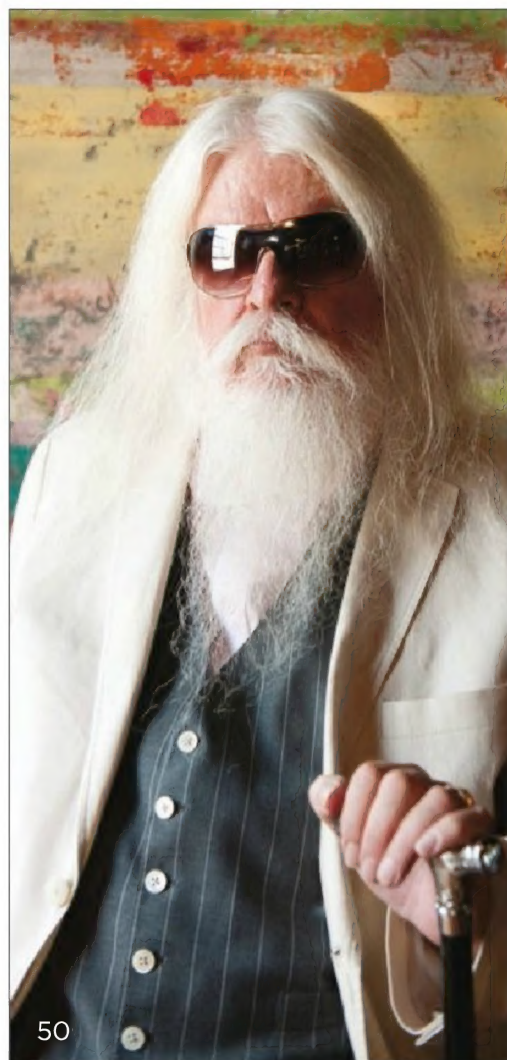
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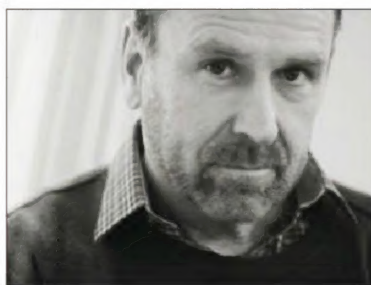


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# EDITOR'S NOTE



(Clockwise from top left) Point Blank fetish models Nixxon and Nyssa Nevers; Stephen Colbert heads up the American Badass List; Colin Quinn talks race relations; Jesse Hughes and photog Tommy O, flanked by Penthouse Pets Kenna James (left) and Angela Sommers, on the Pop Shots set; our new military columnist, Matt Gallagher

## POP SHOTS

Eagles of Death Metal frontman **Jesse Hughes** worked with photographer **Tommy O** and rope artisan/bondage rigger **Damon Pierce** to take Penthouse Pets **Kenna James** and **Angela Sommers** to their limits. As Hughes tells us, "In the fifties, in secret, [Superman creator Joe Shuster] drew the illustrations for one of the very first bondage-themed comic books, *Nights of Horror*. It was unbelievably influential.... When I was asked to do this shoot, I saw the perfect opportunity. To me, you achieve a greater, more satisfying horniness when you're not inundated with absolute nudity ... so I tried to get to the inner horny. If you stay horny, you will stay young forever, so stay horny. The images I

chose from the book are the most moving to me ... the ones that stick in my head. There's something so delightful about resistance, especially when resistance is futile, and that seems to be the theme of this shoot: Resistance is futile—even resistance to your own libido." We guarantee that when you look at these photos, any effort you make to avoid getting horny will indeed be futile (page 29).

## THE 2015 AMERICAN BADASS LIST

It's time for our annual review of the renegades, rebels, and everyday heroes who make this country great (page 38). This year the list is headed up by **Stephen Colbert**, and populated by several other people you haven't (but should have) heard of. We've also got a rundown of badass military medal recipients; the inaugural Badass Awards, where we selected the best reunion, documentary, takedown, ad campaign, Instagram account, and more; and our In Memoriam list, which leads off with props to **Brittany Maynard**, who became the face of the Death With Dignity movement.

## WRITER WRITE-UP

This magazine's unwavering support for the military dates back to 1974, but the topics that are important to our troops and veterans have changed since then. Of course, so has our coverage of those topics. This month we're pleased to welcome military columnist **Matt Gallagher**, an Army vet who served in Iraq, the author of *Kaboom* (2010), and coauthor of *Fire and Forget: Short Stories From the Long War* (2013). Gallagher's new column, Embrace the Suck, adopts his favorite phrase from his Army days, and brings it home to remind us that when it comes to our country's military, we've all got skin in the game (page 100).... Former *Saturday Night Live* "Weekend Update" anchor **Colin Quinn** is not afraid to talk about race, and he proves it in *The Coloring Book*, his riotous catalog of the endlessly diverse New York City neighborhoods he roamed in younger days, and in this interview with Features Editor **John Bolster** (page 86).

## DOUBLE ISSUE, DOUBLE DAMSELS

This month our pictorials are all about doubling your pleasure, starting with Pop Shots and continuing with a pair of brand-new Pets, **Tomi Taylor**, shot by **Tammy Sands** (page 56), and **Samantha Bentley**, shot by **Matt Christie** (page 71). We follow those dynamic duos with two more: **Scott Church's** Point Blank shoot of **Nyxon** and **Nyssa Nevers** (page 90), and **Davide Esposito's** steamy prison set with **Bella** and **Aylin**. It's time to release your inner horny. 





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# HOT-WIFE EXPERIENCE

I have been in and out of the swinging lifestyle for a long time and have met some great people. Through Adult Friend Finder, I wrote to a sexy, married woman looking for an ongoing relationship, and we hit it off right away. Two weeks later, I had a date to meet her and her husband at the local casino hotel.

I was looking good and feeling good when I pulled into the parking lot. Smiling, I made my way to their room and knocked on the door. When she opened it, I could see that she was even more attractive in person than she appeared in the pictures she'd sent. She was petite and slim, but with curves in all the places that counted the most. Her hair was long and red, and she had a nice, open smile. We

hugged and shared a quick kiss, then I shook hands with her husband, and thanked him for the opportunity to share his beautiful wife.

We'd prearranged that our night would begin with me giving her a warm-oil massage. We chatted for about ten minutes, then I helped her out of her dress, leaving her wearing only her lace panties. I climbed on the bed and began to massage her shoulders and back with the warm oil. I worked her upper body well, and slowly began my descent toward her well-rounded ass. I'd intentionally bypassed the swells of her breasts, to be more of a tease, but I just had to taste her before I rubbed my way down to her feet.

I carefully pulled her panties to the side and buried my face in her

butt crack as I explored her with my tongue, eventually spreading her thighs so I could taste her sweet juices. My ministrations were spot-on, and I soon had her thrashing around beneath me. I could have wrung another orgasm from her, but instead I resumed the massage, working her thighs, calves, and then her feet before flipping her onto her back.

I managed to keep my composure as I worked my well-oiled hands up her smooth legs, but couldn't allow myself to pass her sweet pussy. I helped her out of her panties and dove right in. Licking and sucking her clit worked her into a frenzy, and when I sensed she was on the verge of coming, I slipped first one, then a second finger inside her. Curling them up to hit her G spot pushed her right over the edge. She came hard, making my face even wetter. Seconds later, she gave her husband the thumbs-up. (He was sitting nearby, quietly watching our every move.)

I let her calm down before licking and fingering her to another orgasm. Then, as I repositioned myself to pay homage to her lovely breasts, she reached for my rock-hard cock and stroked me through my pants. While I sucked on her nipples and massaged her breasts, her strokes became more urgent. But it wasn't until her husband said, "Go ahead—fuck her," and handed me a condom that I hopped off the bed long enough to undress and slip on the rubber.

Positioning her on her hands and knees, I thrust my cock into her wet cunt. We fit together perfectly, and I fucked her with long, slow strokes as she reached between her legs and alternately rubbed her clit and massaged my balls. At some point, her husband fed her his cock, and a few minutes later she came as he filled her mouth to overflowing. In the throes of her orgasm, her pussy spasmed around my cock, and I came with an intensity I had never before experienced.

Later, after a final round of fucking, I thanked her and her husband and left, but not before they both invited me back.—R.R., Pennsylvania

*More letters on page 122*

**I explored her with my tongue so I could taste her sweet juices, and soon had her thrashing around beneath me.**

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# FULL FRONTAL



## DOUBLE-SECRET PROTECTION



Going to see *Terminator Genisys* will be kind of like a date with an old fling—we'll be partly optimistic/partly terrified it'll go sour and ruin all our happy memories. Hell, the premise alone is enough to make our brains tired: John Connor sends Kyle Reese back in time to save his mom, Sarah Connor, who's already being protected by a vintage cyborg (Ahh-nuld!). Sarah and Kyle join the guardian to fight—wait for it!—their son, who's been compromised by Skynet. We're guessing we might need to see it two or three times to fully grasp what's going on. Here's hoping that won't be a chore.

By Kara Wahlgren



# QUICK PICKS

FLICKS



## Trainwreck

A romantic comedy starring Amy Schumer and Bill Hader, directed by Judd Apatow? This became one of our new favorite movies the instant it was announced. Schumer, who wrote the script, stars as a monogamy-phobic magazine writer who's mastered the Walk of Shame. Then she accidentally falls for a sports doctor (Hader) she's interviewing, which forces her to rethink her one-and-done dating approach. It's got plenty of Schumer's unapologetic raunch, endless quotable lines, plus some surprise cameos. (LeBron James as wingman?) This is about as close to a sure thing as you can get.



## Pixels

In this bizarre sci-fi action comedy—if that wasn't a genre before, it is now—intergalactic aliens discover classic videogames in a 1980s-era NASA-launched space capsule and misinterpret them as a threat. The aliens then attack Earth using holographic pixels that look and act just like vintage arcade characters. The only person who can save the world is, um, Adam Sandler, who plays a former gaming champ enlisted by the president (who happens to be his childhood bestie) to take down the aliens with the help of a few skilled retro-gamers. Like any Sandler flick, it could be amazing or abysmal—but either way, you get to see Pac-Man eat a fire truck. (Which, truth be told, looks kind of cool.)



## Mission: Impossible: Rogue Nation

Nearly 20 years after the first *M:I* film was released, the team is still going strong for this fifth installment. Our heroes—Tom Cruise, Jeremy Renner, Ving Rhames, and Simon Pegg are all back—have to take down a mysterious organization of assassins called the Syndicate. Meanwhile, the Syndicate is on a mission to eradicate the Impossible Missions Force. Needless to say, this impasse can only be resolved with car chases, explosions, Tom Cruise hanging from an airplane, and some gratuitous nudity—all on an IMAX screen. We're in.



## A LEGO Brickumentary

Even if it's been decades since you last played with LEGOs, you have to admit those little plastic bricks are the shit. In the past half-century or so, LEGO has made more than 400 billion bricks, and kids aren't the only ones stocking up. This fun documentary shows how the bricks have gone beyond the playroom, from the AFOL (Adult Fans of LEGOs) community to therapeutic uses to human-scale brick art. Even if you're not a master builder, this will still give you an intriguing look at how a simple concept became a global phenomenon.



## The Gift

Running into old acquaintances can be awkward, but this thriller takes it to a whole new level. Jason Bateman stars as a newlywed who happens to bump into a former schoolmate (Joel Edgerton, who also directs). But the impromptu reunion turns weird after the buddy starts showering the couple with creepy gifts, and it quickly becomes clear that the old "friend" knows a sordid secret about the groom. Get there opening weekend so no one can spoil the surprise.

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### Sex&Drugs&Rock&Roll

Can you ever have too much Denis Leary? There's only one way to find out. Once again (following *Rescue Me*), Leary serves as a creator, writer, executive producer, and star of an FX series; this time it's about a washed-up rock star with a rooster mullet that would make Rod Stewart jealous. He's making one last desperate attempt to reunite his old band and revive his failed career when a long-lost daughter shows up. Leary's character will be the perfect vehicle for his profane, debauched humor, and Elizabeth Gillies, who plays the daughter with her own dreams of stardom, isn't exactly hard on the eyes. It remains to be seen how long Leary can keep the premise interesting, but it looks promising.



### Wet Hot American Summer: First Day of Camp

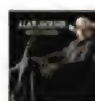
If you've never seen the 2001 summer-camp comedy *Wet Hot American Summer*, cancel your plans for two hours and get up to speed, because David Wain is reuniting the Camp Firewood gang. Set at the beginning of the summer of 1981, this Netflix show will serve as a prequel to the movie that gave us gems like "You taste like a burger" and "I'm gonna go fondle my sweaters." The original cast—including Elizabeth Banks, Paul Rudd, Bradley Cooper, and Amy Poehler—is back, alongside such new faces as Kristen Wiig and Jon Hamm. It's a pretty safe bet that this will be one of the funniest things happening on TV this summer.

## SOUNDS



### Lindemann Skills in Pills

The industrial-metal band Rammstein has been together for more than two decades without a lineup change, and they've said the key to their longevity is letting members take breaks and explore side projects. This time, it's front-man Till Lindemann's turn to branch out. He's teaming up with Swedish superproducer Peter Tägtgren for a face-melting release, and they teased their new album earlier this year with an instrumental snippet that sounded like the part of a movie trailer when shit starts exploding. It'll also be Lindemann's first English-language album, so you'll finally know what the fuck you're saying when you scream along.

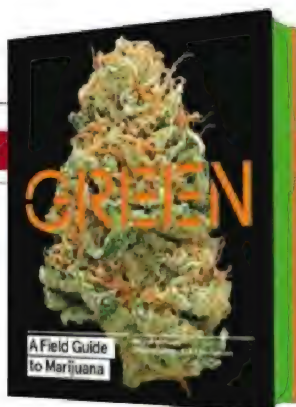
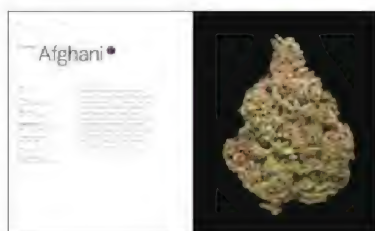
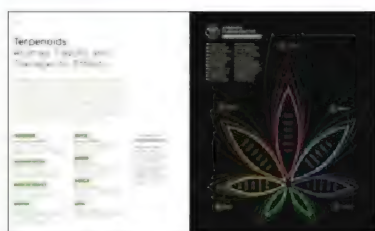


### Alan Jackson Angels and Alcohol

He may have dipped his toes in gospel and bluegrass recently, but Alan Jackson is about as country as country gets—he has his own product line at Cracker Barrel, for honky-tonk's sake. And as you probably can tell from the title, his latest album will be a return to those country roots. The icon teamed up with longtime producer Keith Stegall for this album, which includes quintessentially down-home songs like "Gone Before You Met Me" and "Jim and Jack and Hank."



WORDS



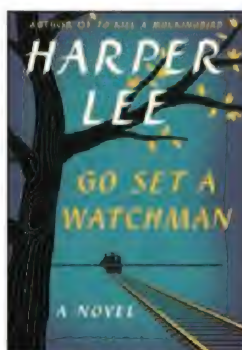
**Dan Michaels**  
*Green: A Field Guide to Marijuana*

The legalization of marijuana for medicinal and recreational use has resulted in a multitude of new business opportunities, and made a reference guide an inevitable release. We didn't expect anything this high quality, though. There's plenty of well-presented information on cannabis, from a scientific look at the plant to smoking options (including etiquette), and the alphabetized listings of strains will blow your mind. The enlarged photos of buds are so gorgeous that you feel as if you could get a contact high from perusing the pages.—*Barbara Rice Thompson*



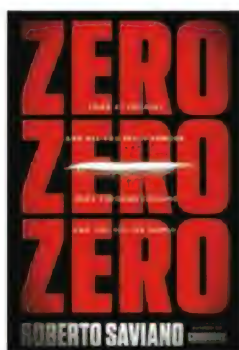
**D. Randall Blythe**  
*Dark Days*

In 2010 a fan rushed the band at a Lamb of God show in Prague, and frontman Randy Blythe pushed him off the stage. But Blythe didn't know that the 19-year-old hit his head and died from the injury. When LoG returned for another Czech show in 2012, Blythe was thrown in prison for manslaughter. This memoir covers his stint in prison and his eventual acquittal—but also his fight to overcome the demons in his personal life.



**Harper Lee**  
*Go Set a Watchman*

There's "eagerly anticipated," and then there's this half-century-late follow-up to what's arguably the great American novel: *To Kill a Mockingbird*. *Watchman* catches up with Scout 20 years after the events of *Mockingbird*, as she heads back home to visit her dad. Lee actually wrote this first; an editor encouraged her to write from the perspective of a young Scout instead, and *Mockingbird* was born.



**Roberto Saviano**  
*Zero Zero Zero*

This real-life investigation of the international cocaine trade has more crime, corruption, twists, and turns than any mystery novel could dream of. Saviano—who already lives under police protection after writing an exposé of the Naples mafia—digs deep into the world of cartels, money laundering, and brutal violence to paint an insanely realistic picture of the drug trade.

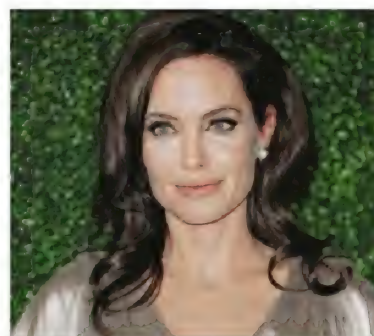
RUMOR REPORT



• Subtlety has never been **Steven Tyler's** strong suit, so it's no surprise that his solo country album was basically the worst-kept secret in the music business. But now it's *officially* official—Tyler has signed a deal with Dot Records, and we should expect to see new music later this year.



• **George R. R. Martin** has said he won't be writing any episodes for the sixth season of *Game of Thrones* because he's finishing *The Winds of Winter*, the next book in his *A Song of Ice and Fire* series.



• **Angelina Jolie** is reportedly being considered to direct *Captain Marvel*, which will hit theaters in 2018. Jolie was scheduled to direct the Richard Leakey biopic *Africa* this summer, but that's on shaky ground—which could leave room in her schedule.



# FIVE TALENTED BABES

## WHO ARE BLIPPING THE RADAR

By Amie Barbeler

### 1. Kelly Rohrbach

This busty blonde battled five equally hot bikini babes to win the title of *Sports Illustrated's* 2015 Rookie of the Year, capturing 39 percent of the votes. Unbelievably, it was Rohrbach's first professional shoot. Before getting in front of the lens, the 25-year-old was a pro golfer. Tell us you wouldn't love to play a round with her.

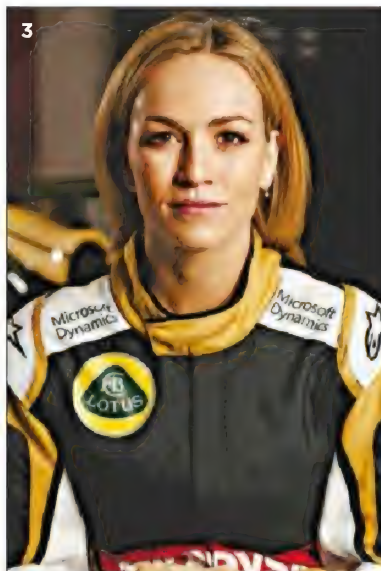


### 2. Alicia Vikander

There will be no escaping Alicia Vikander this year, and, quite frankly, why would you want to? The gorgeous 26-year-old Swede has a whopping eight films scheduled for release, including substantial roles in the heist pic *Son of a Gun*, the World War I drama *Testament of Youth*, and the sci-fi epic *Seventh Son* with Ben Barnes, Jeff Bridges, and Julianne Moore. Not to mention, she's the stunning embodiment of artificial intelligence in *Ex Machina*.

### 3. Carmen Jordá

Normally the hottest things at a Formula One race are the grid girls, but 27-year-old Carmen Jordá, who's just signed with the Lotus F1 team, is set to change that. She's the daughter of former race driver Jose Miguel Jordá, and only the second woman to land a seat with an F1 team. Jordá joins Lotus as a development driver, with a view toward racing the car later in the year. Consider our engines revved.



### 4. Teresa Palmer

This South Australian-born beauty has gathered some impressive film credits, including appearances in *The Ever After* with Rosario Dawson and *Cut Bank* alongside Liam Hemsworth and Billy Bob Thornton. You can catch Palmer in Terrence Malick's new fantasy drama *Knight of Cups* with Christian Bale and Natalie Portman, in John Hillcoat's *Triple 9* with Aaron Paul and Kate Winslet, and in Ericson Core's upcoming remake of *Point Break*.



### 5. Anna Sentina

She might look like a pop princess, but this 20-year-old bass-slapping beauty is more of an ultimate rock babe. You'll find her on YouTube, where she posts her sublime covers, ranging from Metallica to Daft Punk. Admire her fluid fretwork, the spread of her strikes ... and see how long you can go without gazing at her perfect breasts.





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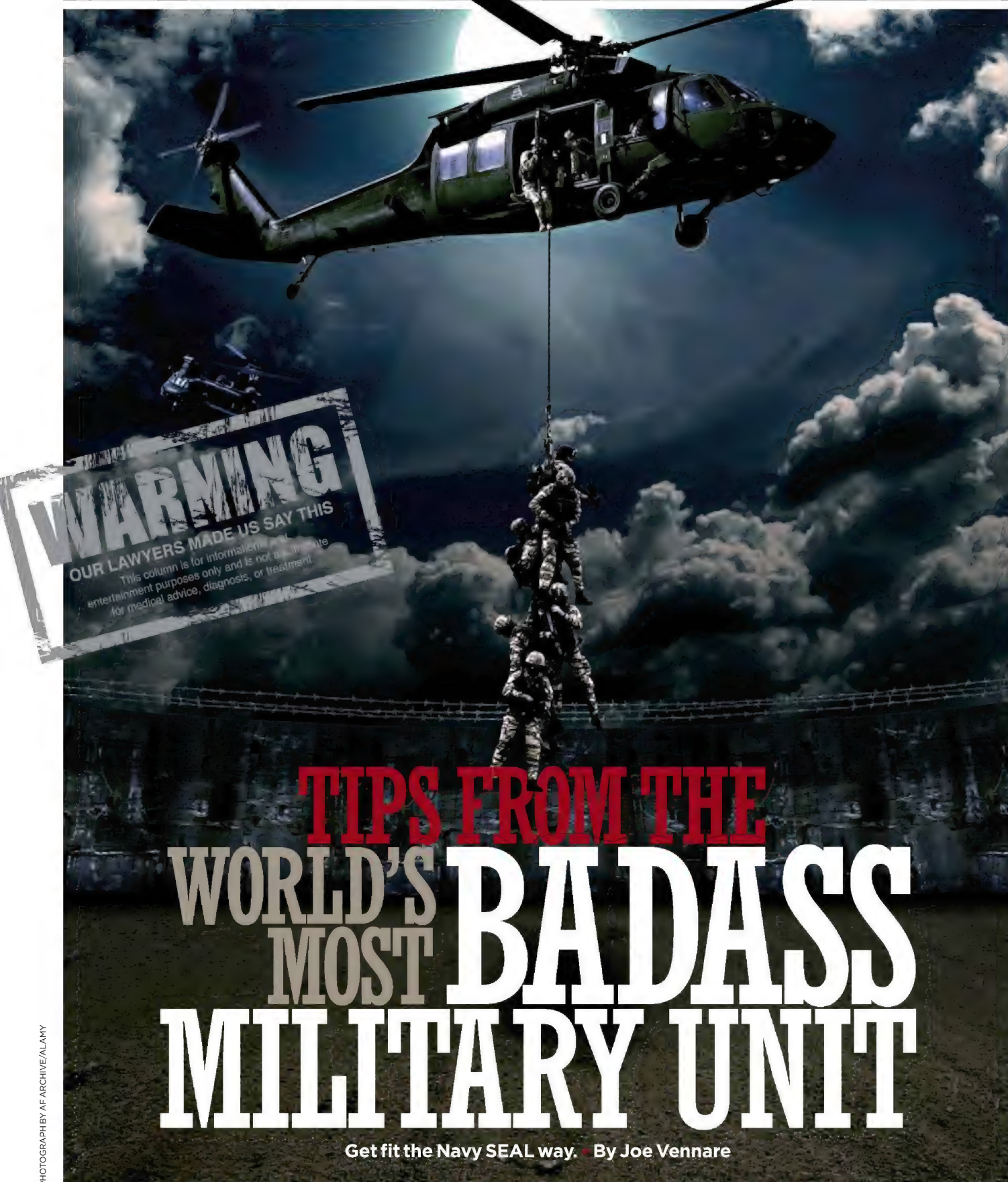
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# LIFE ON TOP

HEALTH & FITNESS



## TIPS FROM THE WORLD'S MOST BADASS MILITARY UNIT

Get fit the Navy SEAL way. By Joe Vennare

PHOTOGRAPH BY AF ARCHIVE/ALAMY



I hate to be the one to break it to you, but you're a pussy. I'm sorry for that. It doesn't make it any less true, though. In fact, you really need to hear this. You're soft. You know—a wuss, the grown-up version of the kid who gets pushed around on the playground simply because he can't defend himself. You're that kid. Except now you're no longer on the playground, you're in the office. You don't run from bullies, you run from your boss, your wife, and your kids. You slouch when you stand. Gasp for breath when you go up the stairs. And you wear a size 44 blazer off the rack, when you should be wearing a tailored 42 regular.

It's a sad state of affairs. A man without his manhood. No confidence. No strength. No fortitude.

### ■ Snap out of it!

Pull yourself together, man! While you're sitting around feeling sorry for yourself, your entire life is passing you by. You should be having exponentially more sex, epic adventures, and getting paid a whole hell of a lot more to do whatever it is you do. But you're not. And it's time to change that.

At this point, an obvious question presents itself. Mainly, "How the hell do I do that?" First, you start by working at it. And there's no better model to align your efforts with than that of the most badass men in all the land—the United States Navy SEALs.

Talk about the epitome of manhood. These guys can kill you with their bare hands. That's not to say that you want to be a ruthless, one-man wrecking crew. But hey, it doesn't hurt. More important, and more specific to your circumstance, the SEALs values far exceed what they're known for on the battlefield.

Being a SEAL is a way of life. It's a state of mind. One that embodies discipline, self-mastery, honor, integrity, and an elite level of fitness that is the physical representation of the aforementioned characteristics.

### ■ Becoming SEAL Fit

Way back during World War II, the military experienced a lack of physical fitness among recruits. (See, it's not just you.) In an effort to right the ship and return to elite standards, military leadership created a new plan for physical fitness among servicemen. That plan focused on "total military fitness," including strength, endurance, stamina, leadership,



initiative, and "the will to win."

Now that's the stuff we're talking about. And even if you're not planning to invade another country, there's no shortage of reasons why you should pursue fitness the SEAL way. Here's how to do it:

### ■ Strength

Reach down between your legs. Feel that? That's the fleshy sac where your balls used to be. You're a man, remember? It's time you started acting like it. It's time to get strong, so you can survive and reproduce. According to a War Department Field Manual from 1946, soldiers (read: real men) should strive for strength that enables them to "make assaults and to run and crawl for long distances, to jump into and out of foxholes, craters, and trenches, and over obstacles; to lift and carry heavy objects...."

**Try this:** While you may not be fighting for your life, you are fighting for your manhood. Load a backpack with rocks and gravel or strap on a weighted vest before setting off on a hike. Build superior strength by taking on unknowable challenges along the way, like lifting or carrying large rocks or fallen trees that you encounter.

### ■ Endurance

A SEAL needs to be able to work at maximum capacity, without wavering, for hours on end. This type of endurance requires cardiovascular and muscular conditioning.

**Try this:** Go for a run, covering three to six miles, based on your level of fitness. But stop every ten minutes to perform 20 repetitions each of push-ups, body-weight squats, and sit-ups. This will whip your muscles and respiratory endurance into shape.

### ■ Agility and Coordination

Combined, agility and coordination account for your ability to change directions rapidly and integrate all required body parts into efficient, purposeful movements. Both of which come in handy when ducking for cover or engaging in hand-to-hand combat.

**Try this:** Acquire an agility ladder or use chalk to block off ten connected squares on the ground. Your job will be to hop through the ladder or squares with both feet in each block. Once you nail that, try single leg hops, lateral hops, and quickly tapping each foot in every block on your way down that ladder. **OH!**





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# KING OF THE ROAD

If you're going to hitch up a trailer and explore the country, you might as well do it with style.

By Jonathan Ward



**T**he history of the Bowlus Road Chief is rich and fascinating. Back in 1934, California-based pilot and aircraft builder Hawley Bowlus started building these trailers to transport his sailplanes to takeoff locations. Bowlus, who was revered as a maverick in the aviation industry with many groundbreaking accomplishments, including teaching the Lindbergh family how to fly and building Charles Lindbergh's *Spirit of St. Louis*, unexpectedly found himself in the travel-trailer business. The career shift was a tribute to this spectacular trailer's form, integrity, and function.

The Road Chief is recognized for setting the standard for aluminum travel trailers. It was luxurious and

highly sought after by true collectors. It even appeared in the 1935 Barbara Stanwyck movie *Red Salute*. In fact, the fellow who started Airstream once worked for Bowlus. Only 80 of the 1930s Road Chiefs were built, and the one sold most recently went for \$187,000 at an auction in Scottsdale, Arizona.

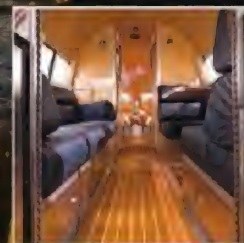
Helena Mitchell and John Long first became interested in the Bowlus Road Chief in late 2000, after a long family journey in their 1947 Tatra 87—from Toronto to Los Angeles by way of Inuvik and the Arctic Circle. Along the way, they found themselves yearning for a travel trailer built for their adventures. Shortly after returning home, they found a 1934 Bowlus Road Chief and spent the next ten years painstakingly restoring it.

Fast-forward to around 2011, when

Mitchell and Long decided to show off their newly restored Road Chief at Modernism Week in Palm Springs, California. They were overwhelmed by the interest ... so overwhelmed, in fact, that they decided to buy the trademark for the Bowlus Road Chief and make a go at building the trailers themselves. In 2014, they moved to Southern California with their daughter, Geneva, and started a family business to realize their dream.

Today, the Bowlus Road Chief is considered a high-functioning sculpture. The classic lines and exceptional craftsmanship make it hard to believe it's a modern industrial creation. Long and Mitchell stayed true to the original streamlined design while delivering a thoroughly modern trailer. It's 24 feet long and 80 inches wide, and has an interior height of six feet four





inches, slightly larger than the original, which allows for improved ergonomics and functionality. It weighs in at just under 2,300 pounds, extremely light in the world of trailers, which allows virtually all crossovers and sedans to pull it with ease (although I'd prefer to use something vintage and funky, like an ICON modified International Harvester Crew Cab).


The Bowlus Road Chief's lightweight signature is reflected with minimal, lean surfaces and precise lines that shape the side elevation, delivering the look and feel of motion. Its meticulously sculpted surfaces of 2024 polished aluminum—along with its signature crowned taper—add to the drama and create the illusion of speed. The front entrance door is not only designed to be functional (you can load paddleboards and long gear,

then store it with the innovative racking system), but is meticulously integrated to keep with the overall theme.

Inside, the beauty and functionality of design seamlessly merge to give the user an experience that is both practical and exquisite. Beyond the expected features, like beds that convert from twins to a king, the trailer boasts fully heated floors, charging and storage stations for laptops and iPads, a shower with an exterior door, a solar-panel-ready and removable 8,000-BTU air conditioner, Wi-Fi amplifiers, and more. The materials—from the light fixtures and handles to the wood, aluminum, and textiles—are all world-class. In short, you can tell the builders care. This is not some venture-capitalist-funded brand focused on maximizing gains; rather, this is a family of skilled designers

focused on making their product the best it can be.

Ingrained in the DNA of the Bowlus Road Chief is the promise of future adventures. Memories are waiting to be created, ones that you simply cannot realize in some static luxury hotel that has no relationship to the place you're supposed to be experiencing.

To me, it's as much about functionality as it is art. The Bowlus Road Chief is a true reflection of timeless American style, crafted with honest materials and impeccable skill. The 2015 Road Chief starts at \$110,000, but—as you would expect with such a passion-born project—the company offers extensive customization and tailoring options to outfit your trailer specifically to your tastes, needs, and adventures, all but guaranteeing a lifetime of enjoyment. 



# GAME OF THE MONTH

By Crispin Boyer



## ■ **Batman: Arkham Knight**

WB Games (Xbox One, PS4, PC)

Gaming's bat-suited badass returns in this final chapter of his blockbuster *Arkham* series, and this time he's bringing his car. In fact, the Batmobile is integral to the gameplay. It transforms from an afterburner-powered pursuit vehicle—perfect for rapid commuting across sprawling Gotham City—to a cannon-equipped war machine that's worth the horrendous gas mileage when Gotham becomes a battlefield. And this model is loaded: GPS navigation, forensic-analysis tools, street-racing gadgets, anti-thug deterrents—it's essentially a Bat-cave on wheels. Don't worry about remembering where you parked, either; the Batwing will swoop in to deploy the Batmobile in your vicinity.

Extra-vehicular activities include stealthy skulks through gang hide-outs and the brutal hand-to-hand combat that defines the series. Batman works through his boyhood

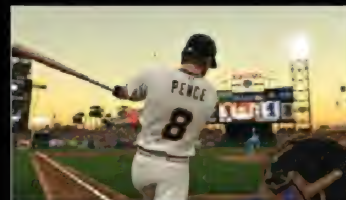
trauma by dismantling goon gangs and super-villain bosses organized by Scarecrow, the big cheese of this sequel's bad guys. The new "Fear Takedown" maneuver lets you clear rooms quickly, taking out three targets in seconds, plus this time Batman has backup: Costumed allies Robin, Nightwing, and Catwoman help out in hand-to-hand frays.

But even more than in the past installments, *Arkham Knight* is a battle of wits as well as fists. The "World's Greatest Detective" has access to more crime-analysis gear on-the-go. His utility belt bristles with hardware—batarangs, a grappling-hook gun, explosive goo, etc.—that he can now launch mid-glide. It all makes for a more fluid, seamless experience that you can extend beyond the main story with an assortment of side missions and bonus challenges. Obsessive gamers might just spend their entire summer cruising around Gotham.



## PLAY HARDBALL

Enjoy the national pastime with these baseball games.



### ■ **MLB 15: The Show**

Sony Computer Entertainment America (PS4, PS3, PS Vita)

Sony's juggernaut series returns with broadcast-ready graphics and official gear (even the batting gloves are officially licensed), along with an improved online mode and directional-hitting options for players with finesse.



### ■ **R.B.I. Baseball 15**

Major League Baseball (Xbox One, PS4, PC, iOS, Android)

The fastball alternative to Sony's deep simulator, *R.B.I. 15* delivers arcade-style controls and a retro feel along with its authentic ballparks and player rosters (the game was developed by Major League Baseball itself).

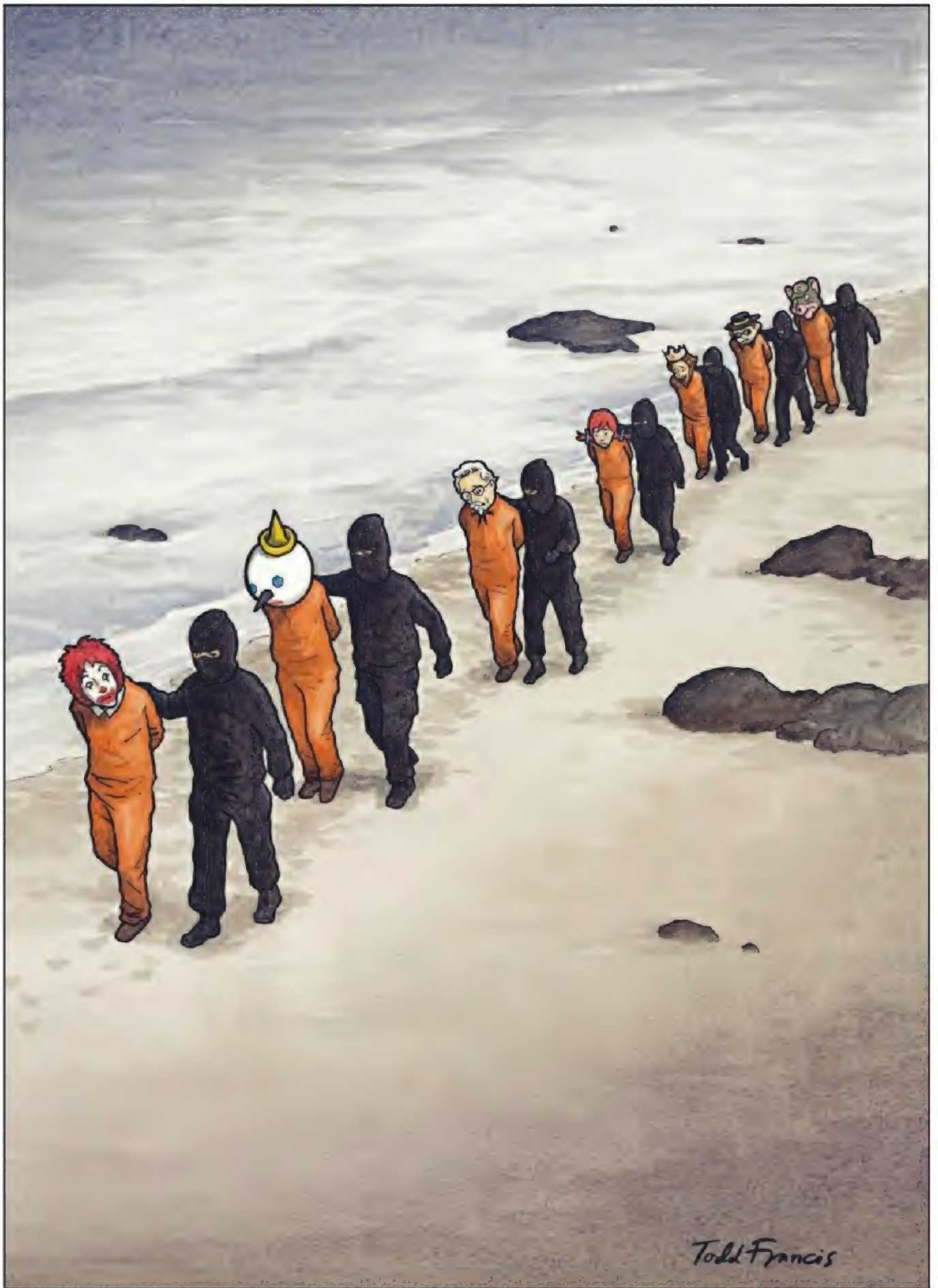


### ■ **Out of the Park Baseball 16**

Out of the Park Developments (PC, Mac)

Step from the pitcher's mound to the dugout and focus on the big picture in this management simulation, which lets you sign free agents, trade players, draft prospects from your farm league, and call the shots for teams from 1871 to today. **B+**





Todd Francis



# SUN WORSHIP

Seize the day all summer long with gear that's good to go.

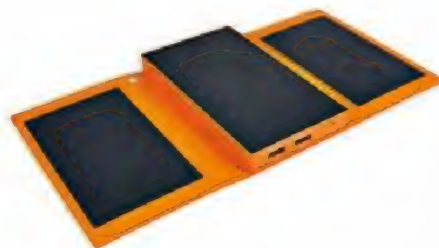
By Crispin Boyer



## ■ Bændit sunglasses

Bændit • \$59 (as shown)

These shades are built with temple arms that flex but never break and a frame made of "plastic titanium" polymer, so they blend the style of Ray-Bans with the bending abilities of a Gummy doll. The temples and nose flex, letting you scrunch them down into a pocket-size lump or coil them around your wrist. The silicon-covered alloy core then flattens back into shape when you're ready to wear them. That flexibility means you can let the Bændits hang loose when you're chilling or cinch them tight to your temples in strong winds, while you're jogging, etc. All the parts are interchangeable; buy a few pairs and mix the colors to suit the scene.



## ■ Helios Smart

Solpro • \$119

While most solar-powered chargers are built for camping or the apocalypse, Solpro's pocket-size Helios Smart was designed to be your full-time power solution—even when you're inches from an outlet. The ultra-efficient panels fold out from the built-in battery and harness enough photons from the sun to charge your smartphone in just 90 minutes. The battery holds enough juice for three devices when fully charged (or you can charge the battery the old-fashioned way on cloudy days). Twin USB ports charge two gadgets simultaneously. Even unfolded, the Helios Smart is small enough to fit on a windowsill or your dashboard, giving you a sliver of off-the-grid living in your office or at the coffee shop.



## ■ Drifter laptop bag

STM • \$140

Escaping into the great outdoors isn't so easy now that you have a boss to please and bills to pay. The Drifter backpack is your key to successful cubicle egress. Its padded main compartment is roomy enough for a 16-inch laptop, with space to spare for books, clothing, and charging cables. Soft-lined exterior pockets hold your sunglasses, phone, tablet, batteries, pens, water bottles, and everything else you need to play hooky for a day, or to work al fresco. And it's made of water-resistant fabric and has a detachable rain cover, in case you get caught in a downpour.



## ■ EcoPebble Powerbank

EcoXGear • \$60

Quality and quantity collide in this outdoor Bluetooth speaker that does double-duty as a portable battery packing serious juice. Impervious to water, dust, and drops, the EcoPebble delivers the sound of a larger speaker in a compact case you can mount to your bike, tent, backpack, or kayak. It even floats, in case it falls overboard. The 10,000-ampere-hour battery powers the speaker for an entire weekend of round-the-clock jamming, or you can sacrifice play time to charge your devices via a USB port.





# THE TOSSED- SALAD TEST



Our twenty-first-century rogue tells you how to deal with modern-day rules for assplay.


I'm a 35-year-old financial analyst for a major bank. I work a lot, but I'm ready to settle down with somebody who is girlfriend—maybe even wife—material. Back in the day, there were girls to have fun with and good girls to get serious with. What happened to the good girls? My last four hookups turned out to be freaks when we got back to my place. I love going down, but these women wanted me to go around back while I was there. I'm not giving a rimjob. I brought it up with my single friends, and they acted like it was no big deal. I feel like the rules of assplay changed overnight, and nobody bothered to tell me. Am I the crazy one?

**W**e moved from a boob-centric society to a butt-based one about a decade ago. How have you managed to miss the entire era of the ass? At the turn of the century, young women weren't into dudes with beards, they didn't know what a selfie was, and they weren't into getting their asses eaten—but now that's all part of their everyday lives. It's so common among twentysomethings that the

HBO show *Girls* has had two full-on booty-eating scenes (the latest one involved Brian Williams's hot daughter, Allison). It seamlessly fit into the show and shocked no one.

I get the impression that you're an old-school dude—you said "rimjob"—trying to date women who are at least ten years younger. It's understandable that the "generational" differences are blowing your mind. And while nobody's saying that you *have* to eat ass, you should at least think about it. Here's why: If you're serious about

finding a partner, she needs to be someone you would do anything for ... or to. This is where the Tossed-Salad Test comes in handy. You know you truly love somebody when you'd save their life by jumping in front of a bullet. And you know you're truly attracted to a woman when you'd dive right in and motorboat that ass. If you can't imagine doing it, you're not that into her, meaning she's not the right one.

If you don't heed my warning, you'll wind up cheating with a woman whose ass you would (hypothetically) eat. You should be so attracted to your partner that no sex act (within reason) is out of the question. How would you feel if your potential dream girl was grossed out by sucking dick? Think of tossing her salad as the modern-day version of Cinderella's glass slipper; when you find the ass you'll eat, you've met your match. 



# THAT'S THE SPIRIT

**Beer and a shot? With distilled brews, drinkers get the best of both boozy worlds.**

**By Joshua M. Bernstein**

**I** have a regular routine for getting good and drunk: I order a cold beer and a double whiskey, neat, alternating sips until sobriety is merely a blurry memory. Beer. Whiskey. The beverages have long been the best of friends, though it might be more appropriate to call them brothers.

See, whiskey starts life as a distiller's beer, or "wash," made from grains, water, and yeast. Unlike beer, the wash is never hit with hops. That

key divergent point sends whiskey and beer in separate directions, not crossing paths again till they reach the bar. At least, that used to be the case. Today, daring distilleries have started running finished beer through stills, turning your favorite bitter IPAs, spiced *witbiers*, and German wheat ales into potent potables. Stripped of carbonation, these condensed spirits are compact flavor bombs that'll detonate your hardwired understanding of whiskey's taste profile.

Mainly, whiskey receives the majority of its readily recognizable flavor and aroma from flame-licked oak barrels, which supply notes of coconut, vanilla, char, and smoke, along

with the leathery hue. That's because distilleries are primarily concerned with using grains that create the most potent alcohol. (Unless your whiskey is branded "barrel-proof," it was likely watered down to reach the desired alcohol level.)

In contrast, brewers create constellations of flavor with any grain; it doesn't matter that darker-roasted grains supply few fermentable sugars. It's trading efficiency for taste.

Fresh off the still, most whiskeys are harsh. The barrels are instrumental for seasoning and mellowing the spirits. Not so distilled Aecht Schlenkerla Rauchbier, which retains its intrinsically smoky profile. Furthermore, there's no mistaking that the hop-scented Charbay's R5 was once a world-class IPA, and Japan's Kiuchi No Shizuku has just as much citrus complexity as the Hitachino Nest White Ale.

Building on this idea, some distilleries act like breweries, and other breweries double as distilleries. Tennessee's Corsair Artisan Distillery rolls out spirits based on spiced pumpkin beers, tropical double IPAs, and oatmeal stouts, and California's St. George has Sierra Nevada make the wash for its single-malt whiskey. Oregon's Rogue Ales devises Dead Guy Whiskey with the same grains as its Dead Guy Ale, while Michigan-based New Holland's spirits arm creates beer-inspired Brewers' whiskeys such as Double Down Barley.

These great beer-inspired spirits are worth sipping or knocking back.

## FOUR TO TRY



### **Charbay's R5 Hop Flavored Whiskey (Lot No. 3)**

To create this whiskey, master distiller Marko Karakasevic distills Bear Republic's Racer 5 IPA, then ages the spirit in French oak for 29 months. It smells intensely of hops, with a malty, herbaceous flavor touched by tropical fruit.


### **Kiuchi Brewery's Kiuchi No Shizuku**

Distilled from Japan's Hitachino Nest White Ale, the spirit is seasoned in oak barrels alongside coriander, hops, and orange peel. The liquor is aromatic and elegant, packing a slightly sweet finish that dovetails into wood and smoke.

### **St. George Single Malt Whiskey**

The Bay Area distillery enlists Sierra Nevada to brew a smoky, cocoa-kissed ale that, after distillation, is aged in used French-oak port, bourbon, and sherry barrels. The blended product is baby-smooth, with a pronounced fruitiness and notes of nuts, vanilla, and smoke.

### **G. Schneider & Sohn's Edelster Aventinus**

The classic German *weizenbock*, or strong wheat beer, is renowned for its bouquet of bananas and strawberries. The distillate displays those aromas, partnered by a tongue-coating malt sweetness that's balanced by a sprinkle of pepper. 



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# SINNER AND SAINT

It's not often that we invoke the name of God in these pages, but it's also not often that the Lord sends us a rock star like Eagles of Death Metal frontman Jesse Hughes to art direct Pop Shots.

Photographs by Tommy O • Interview by Chris Nieratko

Since forming Eagles of Death Metal in 1998, Jesse Hughes has been a sexual dynamo on and off the stage. Prior to that, he says he was a devout Christian with a tendency toward naughty thoughts in church—and far from a ladies' man. But the Lord works in mysterious ways, and, as Hughes puts it, "I felt like *Penthouse* and I were on a collision course. It was kismet. It was meant to be."





Hughes's new album is coming out September 24, on his 43rd birthday; *Zipper Down* celebrates the idea that "if you're going to live any way, you might as well live with your zipper down." We could think of no one better to unlock his "inner horny" for this month's column, which features Penthouse Pets Angela Sommers and Kenna James.

**Was this your first professional photo shoot of this nature?**

Absolutely. It was a delightful shoot. People who do what I do usually have pictures taken of them. Nobody ever really expects much of them other than to be quiet and just smile. And why would you? I would never ask a monkey how to speak English, you know what I mean? When I was asked to do this, I was so excited because it was a chance to be behind the camera instead of in front of it, and I took it as a great opportunity that I didn't want to fuck up. So it was the first of its kind in many respects: the first shoot I was asked to artistically direct and also the first where I didn't fuck it up.

**How about nonprofessional, sexual photo shoots? Have much experience in that department?**

Oh, yeah. Because I have the greatest girlfriend in the world. We tend to have a nonprofessional photo session biweekly. I try to use anything with the word "bi" in it because it keeps it modern. One of the first times we hung out, I took her to the Sportsman's Lodge. She was psychedelically drunk, and I got my camera out and chased her around the room. What makes it interesting is that in every picture I'm the exact same distance from her, because wherever I moved in the room she moved 30 feet away from me. There's a masterful consistency to the photos.

**What was that one bathroom groupie story you told me?**

On my first rock 'n' roll tour in Europe we were opening for the Distillers, and one night in England after the show I met this really hot chick. For me, when I was in high school, girls didn't have sex with me on purpose every day, so any hot chick was awesome to me. This chick gives me the green light and I'm looking for a place to take her. We go to the bathroom; it's one of those one-person bathrooms but the door didn't lock. I peeked my head out the door, and there's this dude standing there, looking for someone.











I said, "Hey, man. Could you do me a favor? I'm about to hook up with this really hot chick. Would you watch the door for me?" He said, "Sure, bro." She and I end up doing the deed, and as I open the door and thank him, he's not even looking at me; he's just staring at the girl who's coming out with me. He says to her, "Where have you been? I've been looking for you." So I left them to it.

Cut to the next night. We're playing our first live TV gig at an awards show, and when I'm introduced by the stage manager to my guitar tech for the evening, lo and behold, it's the dude who watched the door the previous night. I told Josh [Homme], "I think this motherfucker is going to try to jam us up." Sure enough, I get onstage and realize he de-tuned the strings until they were sloppy wires on the neck. We sat there for six and a half minutes on live TV with our dicks in our hands, trying to retune the guitar.

**That's classic.... Let's talk about this photo shoot for *Penthouse*. What was the inspiration?**

My girl, Tuesday Cross, got me a book called *Secret Identity*; it's about Joe Shuster, who created Superman. Shuster was an interesting character. In the fifties, in secret, he drew the illustrations for one of the very first bondage-themed comic books, *Nights of Horror*. It was unbelievably influential; almost every current bondage or fetish theme had its origins in the creator of Superman. It's a delightful irony in and of itself that the person who created the icon for truth, justice, and the American way also created the iconic images for every horny thing you imagine.

So when I was asked to do this shoot, I saw the perfect opportunity. To me, you achieve a greater, more satisfying horniness when you're not inundated with absolute nudity. I really like women. All the women in my life are really strong, independent, curious creatures, and I felt this opportunity could have been wasted if all I was trying to do was look at naked chicks. So I tried to get to the inner horny. If you stay horny, you will stay young forever, so stay horny. The images I chose from the book are the most moving to me. They are the ones that stick in my head. There's something so delightful about resistance, especially when resistance is futile, and that seems to be the theme of this shoot: Resistance is futile—even resistance to your own libido.



**You mentioned Shuster's comic inspired a spree of murders in 1954 by the Brooklyn Thrill Killers.**

Yeah, it was actually one of the first thrill killings. Three kids in Brooklyn got ahold of these comics, and they'd go out at night in vampire capes and act out the scenes from each book. It finally culminated in them torturing a bum and walking him off the pier in Brooklyn. Comic books had a major enemy in America when they first came out, and it was the Christian right. They thought comic books were desensitizing the American youth. So when this psychologist came in to interview the kids, they described everything in the terms of *Nights of Horror*, and they called it their "great adventure."

**You grew up Christian. Could that have played into why you chose *Nights of Horror* as your inspiration? Was this photo shoot your "great adventure"?**

Dude, when I was growing up I went to church every Sunday, every Sunday night, and every Wednesday. I was incredibly devout. When I would be in church, on occasion, I would have compulsive thoughts that I could not shake out of my head. They would be dark, naughty thoughts, and it was long before I ever saw *Nights of Horror*. I feel like when I finally saw *Nights of Horror* I was like, *That's my dream from 20 years ago!*

**How does someone so devout end up a rock star?**

You don't pick who you are; it gets picked for you. God's will is everything, all at once. It's mysterious and impossible to comprehend. The reason that we're instructed in the fact that the Lord works in mysterious ways is because He does exactly that. I'm a mere mortal and I don't presume to speak for God; however, I know everything serves His will. That said, I'm a horny dude.

**So we can agree that God instructed you to get these two particular women naked, correct?**

I see where you're going with this and I like it. Again, everything serves the will of God.

**Well, He's got good taste. These women are beautiful.**

Well, He wouldn't have made us naked if He didn't want us to think about it.

**What is your idea of beauty, Jesse?**









My grandmother was very influential in my attitudes and opinions about women. She used to tell me, "Son, remember there's something beautiful about all women. You tell a pretty girl she's pretty and you tell an ugly girl she has nice shoes, and you'll never go wrong for as long as you live." That stuck with me; I find something beautiful about all women. The ultimate turn-on for me is a girl named Tuesday Cross. I like low-rider girls who have a little wickedness in their eyes, who aren't necessarily as experienced as they are willing. Willingness is much more important than experience. Pavlov showed us a lot, and I'm just trying to ring their bell now, know what I mean?

**What's the first thing your eyes go to on a woman?**

That depends. Sometimes they've highlighted certain attributes and I would not like to be the person who would frustrate their attempts at attention, so I'll let my eyes go right to where they lead it. But normally a girl's mouth is the first thing I look at. But I'm a weirdo. I don't so much get turned-on by a girl as I do by what she gets turned-on by. At this point, I've done so much that basically somebody's got to be choking a chicken for me to get a boner anymore.

**Well, you are from the South.**

That's right. A chicken or goat, whatever.

**You had full control over what models were picked. Why did you choose these two ladies in particular?**

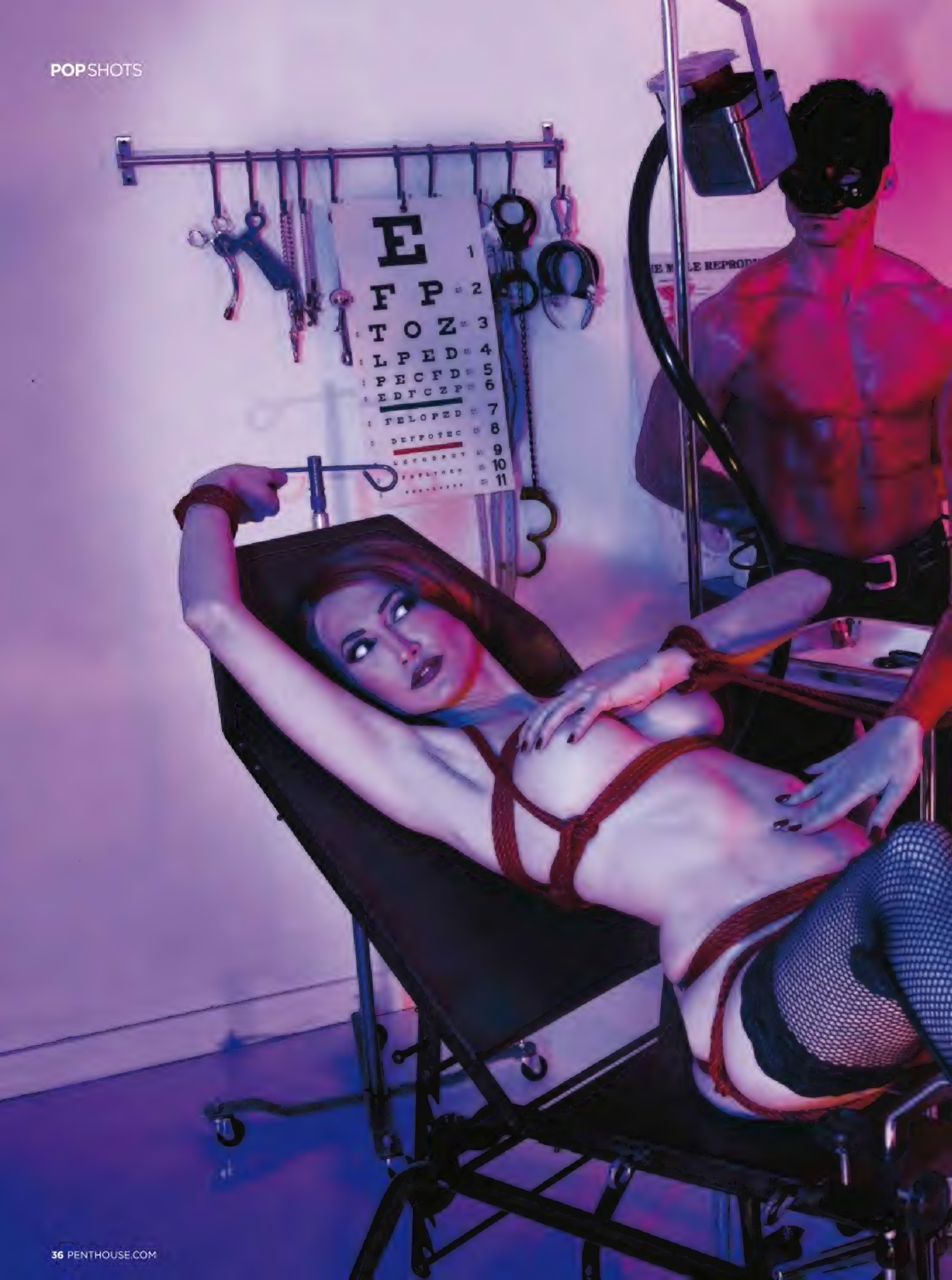
The first thing that jumped out about them was that they looked the least slutty. I could tell that they could pay their rent and they didn't travel around with all their stripper clothes in one very messy bag with about \$700 in ones and fives. That I liked. And they truly seemed to wear a look of self-respect, which was critical. I wanted models who would appreciate the fact that I wasn't just trying to get them naked, and I was unbelievably pleased by the level of high art this shoot resulted in.

**Now that you've had this experience, any chance you'll quit the band and become a pro fetish photographer?**

What I would like to do is chew gum and walk at the same time. I'd like to continue my rock 'n' roll while also pursuing this. I loved this experience. I really did.











SEE MORE OF POP SHOTS AT  
[PENTHOUSEPOPSHOTS.COM](http://PENTHOUSEPOPSHOTS.COM).



THE NINTH ANNUAL.

BADASS

LIST

Our annual review of the renegades, rebels, and plain old everyday heroes who make this country great.



#### STEPHEN COLBERT

Colbert has been a longtime supporter of teachers—during the 2008 presidential race, for example, he turned his half-joking primary bid into a massive fund-raiser, encouraging his legion of fans to donate to classrooms in Pennsylvania and his home state of South Carolina. But apparently that was just a warm-up. In May, during Teacher Appreciation Week, he announced that he was using the money he'd raised auctioning off his *Colbert Report* set to fund every single grant request made by South Carolina public-school teachers on the DonorsChoose.org website. That's more than 800 teachers at more than 375 schools, to the tune of \$800,000. Now *that's* what we call education reform.—Kara Wahlgren

PHOTO BY JASON LAVERIS/FILMMAGIC/GETTY IMAGES



## LOUIS JORDAN

When the 37-year-old went missing after an offshore fishing trip, and a Coast Guard search effort came up empty, his family assumed the worst. Meanwhile, Jordan—whose boat had rolled over in a storm—was bobbing along in the ocean without a radio or a mast. He survived for 66 days by collecting rainwater, rationing what little food he had onboard, and using his laundry to catch fish. (Bonus points for doing it all with a broken collarbone, suffered when the boat capsized.) Sailors on a German container ship finally spotted him 200 miles off the coast of North Carolina, and the Coast Guard airlifted him to the hospital. As impressive as his survival skills may be, it's probably safe to say Jordan will keep a closer eye on the weather in the future.—K.W.



## ELON MUSK

To call Elon Musk a visionary is a massive understatement. The billionaire brainiac not only cofounded PayPal and Tesla Motors, but he also started his own space-transport company with the goal of colonizing Mars. In other words, he's not a play-it-safe guy. So it's no surprise that his latest development involves harnessing the power of the sun as if he's a superhero. Musk recently announced that Tesla would be offering a sleek, wall-mount battery pack that can store solar energy during the day to power your home during peak evening hours. Musk says two billion Powerpacks could meet the energy needs for *the whole world*—and at \$3,500, you don't have to run a billion-dollar business to afford one. Suck it, fossil fuels.—K.W.

## TORI PHILLIPS

How's this for a story, Miss Lane? Dallas resident Phillips was watching the flames of a four-alarm fire claim his apartment building when he noticed a couple trying to escape from an upper-floor patio with a baby in tow. Phillips didn't need to dash into a nearby phone booth—he was already wearing a Superman hoodie when he ran over and called up to the couple, "I'm right here. I can catch the baby!" They dropped the infant down and Phillips made the catch. We assume he then returned to his job as a mild-mannered reporter for a great metropolitan newspaper.—John Bolster

## DAVE HARTSOCK

This all-time badass not only needs but richly deserves your help. In 2010, Hartsock saved the life of Shirley Dygert, a then-54-year-old first-time skydiver he was leading on a tandem jump. When their parachutes failed, Hartsock did everything he could to slow their fall, and then, at the last second, he instructed Dygert to kick her legs up so he could slip under her body and absorb the impact. He became a quadriplegic as a result, but they both survived. Now Hartsock needs help covering the costs of his round-the-clock medical care. You can donate via PayPal to [quadraland65@gmail.com](mailto:quadraland65@gmail.com).—J.B.

## VICTOR JAIME

What would you do if you spotted your car, with your pup on the front seat, being loaded onto a tow truck? One Jeep Wrangler owner was dubbed everything from legend to dumbass when a video caught him jumping into his vehicle and yelling, "Hey buddy, watch this!" before gunning the engine and driving off the wheel lift. Jaime admitted parking illegally so he could run a quick errand, and it turns out it's illegal in Illinois to tow a vehicle when the owner is present and able to drive it away. That means Jaime gets to enjoy his moment of glory—and the 2.5 million views the video has racked up—guilt-free.—K.W.



## REBEKAH GREGORY DIMARTINO

DiMartino was standing at the finish line of the Boston Marathon in 2013 when the first bomb exploded a few feet behind her. Her leg was battered, but a year later she crossed the finish line in a wheelchair. In late 2014, when her left leg still hadn't fully healed after 17 surgeries, she famously penned a breakup letter to her busted limb and had it amputated. A few months later, she was jogging on a new prosthetic; by February, she was training for the Boston Marathon. Her doctors wouldn't let her jump in until the 23-mile mark, but she ran 3.2 miles on a prosthetic leg she'd only had for three months, finishing at the spot where she was nearly killed two years before. And rather than bask in her glory, she was bummed that it wasn't her best run. We get the feeling we might see her back next year.—K.W.



## CECILE RICHARDS

For nearly a decade, Richards has been an outspoken advocate for women's reproductive rights. That alone has ruffled feathers, but the president of Planned Parenthood upped the ante last year when she revealed that she'd had an abortion herself—and that, for her and her husband, it had been a relatively easy decision to make. Her goal was to encourage other women to share their stories. "Silence about abortion means that the void is filled with myths, stereotypes, and stigma," Richards told *Time* magazine. In the world of instant online backlash, it takes balls to speak so openly and personally about such a hot-button topic.—K.W.



# MILITARY AFFAIRS



## CAPTAIN KATIE HIGGINS

For the past 69 years, the Blue Angels team has been a boys' club—the few women who have made the cut kept their feet on the ground, working as a flight surgeon, a navigator, and an event coordinator. That changed when Marine Captain Higgins was named to the 2015 team as a demonstration pilot. At the Beaufort Air Show in South Carolina earlier this year, Higgins became the first woman to perform with the elite squadron, flying *Fat Albert*, a C-130 cargo plane—which can take off at a 45-degree angle due to its rocket boosters.—*K.W.*

## CHRISTINE E. KASPER, PHD, RN

Improvised explosive devices reportedly have been responsible for more American casualties over the past decade than any other weapon. But even for soldiers who survive an IED blast, the injuries can be life-changing—and the effects aren't always visible. That's where Kasper, a research scientist at the Department of Veterans Affairs, comes in. Kasper has focused her research efforts on studying the effects of embedded metals in wounded warriors and on finding treatment methods to reduce the behavioral changes caused by blast-related traumatic brain injuries. Kasper was recently honored by the International Nursing Hall of Fame—a well-deserved reward for her tireless efforts to improve recovery options for returning military.—*K.W.*

## ARTHUR BLOOM

Last December, Bloom was named a CNN Hero, and we're happy to confer our own honor on him. In 2007, the Juilliard-trained composer was asked to visit the Walter Reed Medical Center in Washington, D.C., and meet with a drummer who'd lost a leg in Iraq. While Bloom was there, he realized how many wounded warriors were either former musicians or simply needed a creative outlet—or just something to do. "They've gone from constant action to staring at the ceiling of their rooms," he told *The Wall Street Journal*. Bloom founded MusiCorps, a rehab program in which injured soldiers can meet for informal jam sessions or perform with the MusiCorps Wounded Warrior Band, which has played alongside Yo-Yo Ma, G. E. Smith, and Roger Waters. Oh, and Bloom has pulled it off without any government funding, relying on grants and donations to keep the program alive. You can donate at MusiCorps.net.—*K.W.*

## POWER TRIU



## BALTIMORE CITY STATE'S ATTORNEY MARILYN MOSBY AND MAYOR STEPHANIE RAWLINGS-BLAKE

Following the death of Freddie Gray while he was in police custody, riots broke out across Baltimore and racial tension hit a fever pitch. But while the rest of the country was losing their shit over the situation, these two women kept their cool in the center of the chaos. Mosby, for one, has a unique ability to see every side of the issue—she's Baltimore-bred, African-American, and comes from five generations of law enforcement. After she charged the six officers involved and gave a strongly worded statement about justice, the Twitterverse blew up with comments, most of them favorable. Meanwhile, Rawlings-Blake stood firm in her defense of the people's right to protest, despite the inevitable risk of some protestors turning violent or destructive. Their calm, measured response helped to keep a bad situation from getting much, much worse.—*K.W.*

## TOYA GRAHAM

Graham was just another single parent when the mother of six recognized her only son among the protesters throwing rocks at police during the riot that took place after the funeral of Freddie Gray. Some viewers were horrified at the sight of Graham delivering the mom version of a smackdown to her ski-masked, 16-year-old son (who stands a head taller than she) while berating him for participating in the violence. Whatever you think of her tough-love approach, we say, Message received, loud and clear.—*Deirdre Goldbeck*

PHOTOGRAPHS BY (LEFT TO RIGHT) LANCE CORPORAL OLIVIA G. ORTIZ, ANDREW BURTON/GETTY IMAGES, ALEX WONG/GETTY IMAGES



# SPORTING AMERICA



## GREGG POPOVICH

Many coaches and players in pro sports loathe talking to the media. Some, like New England Patriots coach Bill Belichick, express their loathing in a sour, dickish way that makes everyone uncomfortable. Others display their disdain in a self-aware, humorous, and highly entertaining way. Leading this group is San Antonio Spurs coach Popovich, aka “Pop,” who has a collection of anti-media greatest hits on YouTube rivaled only by his on-court accomplishments: Although the Spurs were knocked out of the 2015 playoffs in the first round, last spring he led the team over the Miami Heat to win his fifth NBA title (only five coaches have won that many), and his third Coach of the Year award. Pop also holds the NBA record for most consecutive winning seasons (playoffs included) with 18.—*J.B.*



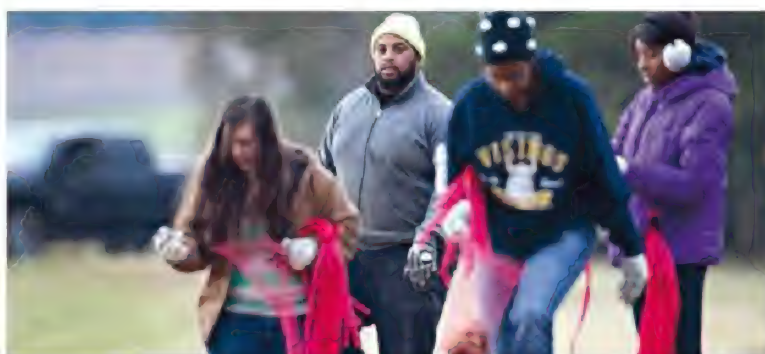
## COLLEGE FOOTBALL UNION

You’ve heard of Western Union; now meet Northwestern Union, the labor group formed by football players at the Big Ten school in Evanston, Illinois. Led by former quarterback Kain Colter (now with the NFL’s Minnesota Vikings), Northwestern players wired a landmark message to the NCAA, filing union cards with the National Labor Relations Board while arguing there was “no way around” the fact that playing college football “is a job.” The NLRB agreed, granting them the right to form the first labor union in the history of college athletics. What happens next remains to be seen, but the Wildcats have clawed open the door to much-needed reform in the big business of college football.—*J.B.*



## CODY TOWNSEND

There’s a 70-second segment in the ski documentary *Days of My Youth* when Townsend, already an award-winning skier, takes on a couloir in the Alaskan wilderness. He successfully navigates a five- to six-foot-wide tubelike passage at a 60-degree angle, at a speed of about 65 or 70 miles per hour. Sure, the nearly vertical descent eventually slows to about 40 or 45 miles an hour, but the clip is nothing short of hair-raising. The stunt earned Townsend the Line of the Year Powder Award.—*D.G.*



## JASON BROWN

In 2012, the highest-paid center in the NFL walked away from his \$37.5 million contract with the St. Louis Rams to become a farmer—because God told him to. Brown obeyed, despite having no experience whatsoever. After learning how to farm by watching YouTube videos (really!), he opened First Fruits Farm in rural North Carolina. He donates the first fruits of each harvest to local food banks—in 2014 he gave away more than 10,000 pounds of cucumbers and 100,000 pounds of sweet potatoes. He also distributes seeds so that others can grow their own food. As if that weren’t enough, when his wife went into labor on the farm in November, Brown delivered the baby himself.—*Christine Colby*



# HEAVY MEDAL.

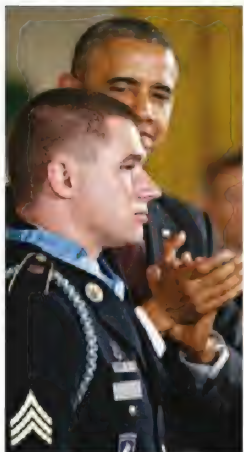
This year's Medal of Honor recipients include long-overdue "better late than never" recognition.

By Ben Thompson



## LANCE CORPORAL WILLIAM KYLE CARPENTER, 2ND BATTALION, 9TH MARINES

Lance Corporal Carpenter was manning his machine gun on a rooftop outpost in Afghanistan in 2010 when the coalition patrol base came under intense fire from enemy snipers, automatic weapons, and rocket-propelled grenades. Despite Carpenter laying down a curtain of full-auto destruction, one insurgent got close to the building and lobbed three grenades onto the roof. One injured an Afghan National Army soldier, one failed to detonate, and the third landed between Carpenter and his comrade. Without hesitation, Carpenter leapt *toward* the grenade, shielding his fellow Marine by absorbing the full brunt of the blast himself. This tough-as-nails warrior survived the blast, spent more than two years recovering from his severe injuries, and received his Medal of Honor in person last June.



## SERGEANT KYLE WHITE, 2ND BATTALION, 503RD INFANTRY, 173RD AIRBORNE BRIGADE

White was serving as a radio operator on a team of U.S. and Afghan National Army troops in Aranas, Afghanistan, on November 9, 2007, when they were ambushed by heavily armed Taliban fighters. After being knocked out by a grenade and regaining consciousness, White repeatedly ran into the open to retrieve his teammates. White then called in air strikes and artillery attacks to keep the enemy from their position while they waited hours for extraction, with friendly fire causing his second concussion of the day. He saved the life of Specialist Kain Schilling by applying tourniquets to his wounds on two separate occasions. When it was finally dark enough for choppers to come in, White marked the landing zone and helped load the wounded, refusing to be evacuated until everyone could leave. White received the Medal of Honor in May 2014. —*Barbara Rice Thompson*



## STAFF SERGEANT RYAN PITTS, 2ND BATTALION, 503RD INFANTRY, 173RD AIRBORNE BRIGADE

Pitts was on perimeter security at Vehicle Patrol Base Kahler in Kunar Province, Afghanistan, on July 13, 2008, when more than 200 insurgents attacked from positions surrounding the base. Despite suffering life-threatening shrapnel wounds to his arm and legs during the initial wave of grenade rounds, which caused heavy casualties, Pitts went back to the observation post. He both returned fire and pulled the pins from fragmentary grenades, then held them for several seconds so that they couldn't be thrown back by enemy combatants. When a two-man reinforcement team got there, Pitts gave them his weapon, gathered ammunition, and whispered reports to the command post, as the enemy fighters were so close their voices could be heard in the background on the radio. Eventually, the attackers turned back, unable to capture the base or wounded soldiers. Pitts received the Medal of Honor in July 2014. —*B.R.T.*

PHOTOGRAPHS BY (CLOCKWISE FROM TOP LEFT) JACQUELYN MARTIN/AP, ALEX WONG/GETTY IMAGES, WIN MCNAMEE/GETTY IMAGES





### COMMAND SERGEANT MAJOR BENNIE ADKINS, 5TH SPECIAL FORCES GROUP

Some of the most over-the-top acts of incredible badassitude are ones you don't hear about—as is the case with Adkins. The battle along the Cambodian border in the early days of the Vietnam War was part of a mission that was so black-ops that the details have only recently been declassified. A team of 17 Green Berets and 410 South Vietnamese troops was garrisoning a position in the A Shau Valley in March 1966 when it came under attack by two battalions of North Vietnamese troops. Atkins manned his 81mm mortar position even after an enemy artillery shell literally blew him out of his foxhole. Then, when the North Vietnamese Army closed in, Adkins fought his way through to his pinned-down allies and carried wounded men on his back to the airstrip for evacuation. Despite being massively outnumbered, he held back the onslaught with an M16, a bazooka, and mortar fire, and the fight went all the way to the airstrip. Once the last airplane was in the air, Adkins raced into the jungle, where he spent the next 48 hours evading NVA patrols. He was wounded 18 times and credited with killing an estimated 145 enemy soldiers in the battle, and retired as a Command Sergeant Major (the highest enlisted rank in the Army). The 81-year-old received his Medal of Honor in September.



### FIRST LIEUTENANT ALONZO H. CUSHING, BATTERY A, 4TH U.S. ARTILLERY

First Lieutenant Cushing, a Union artilleryman in the Civil War, was issued the Medal of Honor for his part in the Battle of Gettysburg in 1863. Cushing's battery was part of the Union formation that was staring out across an open battlefield against 13,000 Confederate soldiers. Cushing, a 22-year-old veteran of Chancellorsville, ordered his 110 men to hold their ground against the full might of the Rebel troops, refusing to leave his post even as the Confederates closed to within 100 yards of his position, charging in with their bayonets at the ready. Cushing ordered his men to fire canister rounds point-blank into the ranks, which ripped into the enemy with devastating effect. Cushing was wounded in the stomach and shoulder, but refused evacuation and died at his post. His Medal of Honor was accepted by Helen Loring Ensign, Cushing's first cousin, twice removed.



### CHIEF MOTOR MACHINIST'S MATE WILLIAM TRUMP, USCGC LCI(L)-90, UNITED STATES COAST GUARD

In February 2015, the U.S. Coast Guard launched a Sentinel-class fast-response cutter, the USCGC *William Trump*. This new, ultra-high-tech ship was named for a World War II hero who participated in the Allies' amphibious invasions of Tunisia, Sicily, and Normandy. Trump was aboard the LCI(L)-90, a large troop-landing craft carrying around 200 soldiers, off the coast of Omaha Beach on D-Day. Trump volunteered to be the first man off the ship so he could secure a line to the beach to make the assault easier for the soldiers. Under a hail of Nazi machine-gun fire, Trump jumped into the water and began the long walk to the beach. Even the sound of a German bullet pinging off his helmet failed to deter him, and his actions allowed the soldiers to cross from the ship to the beach far more quickly than if they'd braved the surf on their own. Trump survived the war and was present for the christening of the ship—and so was his Navy SEAL son, Chief Special Warfare Officer Jeremy Trump.



# THE BADASS AWARDS

This year, we decided to honor the most badass ...



## REUNION

### D-Day Veterans

Rewatch the opening of *Saving Private Ryan*, and then go online and check out the photos of veterans at the 70th anniversary of D-Day and the Battle of Normandy. We rest our case.

## MEDICAL PROFESSIONALS

### Ebola-Fighting Docs

The largest Ebola epidemic in history, which finally eased off, resulted in about 25,000 people infected and more than 10,000 deaths, mostly in Liberia, Sierra Leone, and Guinea. We've got to give props to the American medical professionals who went to West Africa to treat patients, and a special shout-out to Dr. Kent Brantly, who insisted that the single available dose of an experimental treatment be given to clinical nurse associate Nancy Writebol. After they both survived, Brantly donated blood so it could be used to treat another patient.

## STRAIGHT-TALKING PARENT

### Joy Woodhouse

Brothers Brad and Dallas Woodhouse found a way to get paid to fight with each other, but Mama still ain't having it. The political pundits were, *ahem*, debating issues on C-SPAN when their mother called in to ream them out, saying she raised them to be more respectful and show more dignity. We're sure she did, because damn if they didn't shape up right there on live TV.



## DOCUMENTARY

### Sunshine Superman

This is an extraordinary thrill ride of a look at how skydiver Carl Boenish became the father of the BASE-jumping movement.



## "FUCK YOU" IN SPORTS

### Landon Donovan

After Donovan was cut from the 2014 U.S. World Cup team, he played his final season in the pros ... and won the Major League Soccer title with the LA Galaxy. And really, who needs America's team when your contributions to your sport inspire the league to rename the freaking MVP trophy in your honor?

## TAKEDOWN

### Jon Meis

Meis, a teaching assistant and volunteer security guard at Seattle Pacific University, subdued a gunman with pepper spray and a tackle. The shooter had wounded two people and killed one.



## AD CAMPAIGN

### Spirit Airlines

The airline celebrated its 69th jet with a \$69-fare promotion. "It's our favorite number—ever since we were 12 and found that magazine under our brother's bed," the ad read. Even better: When uptight customers complained and the media demanded an explanation, a company spokesman was completely unapologetic.



## PROMOTION

### Admiral Michelle Howard

Howard became the first woman to hold the post of Vice Chief of Naval Operations, but that was far from her first historic appointment. She was the first female admiral in the Navy; the first African-American woman to command a Navy ship; the first female graduate of the Naval Academy to achieve a flag rank; and the first African-American woman to earn three stars, then four, in any of the armed forces.

## LAWSUIT

### The Slants

This Asian-American dance band has been trying to trademark their name since 2010, but the U.S. Patent and Trademark Office twice rejected the application, claiming it's offensive. This year, the group took the fight to federal court. Band founder Simon Tam says, "I consider the name a point of cultural pride.... Our band uses our name to refer to our perspectives and experiences in life as people of color. It's our 'slant,' if you will."

PHOTOGRAPHS BY (CLOCKWISE FROM TOP LEFT) MARVIN LYNCHARD/DOD; MAGNOLIA PICTURES/EVERETT COLLECTION; CHARLEY GALLAY/GETTY IMAGES; LARRY MACDOUGAL/AP; MICHAEL JANOSZ/CORBIS





## TECHNOLOGICAL ADVANCEMENT

### 3-D printer prosthetics for children

Prosthetics for kids have been prohibitively expensive because children outgrow them. But doctors are now able to create prosthetics for kids who are missing fingers or hands with 3-D printers. The prosthetics can even be shaped to give a child a superhero hand.



## INSTAGRAM ACCOUNT

### Nicole Angemi/@mrs\_angemi

This pathologist's assistant uses her Instagram as a teaching tool so anyone who wants to learn about what can happen to one's body is able to. She posts images of disease-riddled organs, amputated limbs, miscarried fetuses, and more, accompanied by detailed educational text.



## OUR SPECIAL INTERNATIONAL AWARD GOES TO ...

### The Staff of Charlie Hebdo

Less than a week after two brothers who aligned themselves with Al Qaeda shot up the offices of the French satirical weekly, killing 12 and injuring another 11 in the building, the remaining staff of the newspaper put out their next issue.



## OUR SPECIAL GLOBAL AWARD GOES TO ...

### The Rosetta Mission Crew

After the European Space Agency's Rosetta probe completed its ten-year journey to comet 67P/Churyumov-Gerasimenko, the Philae landing module (shown above) successfully descended to the comet. Although the anchoring harpoons failed, the lander managed to settle in—after taking several bounces, and transmitting some amazing images. The mission-control team in Germany lost contact for several hours, but by the next day, the probe was continuing to send back photos and data, “performing flawlessly.” Landing the module on the comet has been compared to landing “a washing machine on the surface of a speeding bullet.”

# IN MEMORIAM

## BRITTANY MAYNARD

When the 29-year-old was diagnosed with aggressive terminal brain cancer and given six months to live, she was told that her last days would be full of suffering and the loss of many motor functions. Wanting to spare herself and her family, including her new husband, she opted to end her life. In becoming the public face of the controversial Death With Dignity movement, she achieved so much more. “I do not want to die. But I am dying,” she wrote on CNN.com. “And I want to die on my own terms.” Maynard's home state of California does not allow physician-assisted suicide, so she and her family moved to Oregon, one of only five states with “right to die” laws. On November 1, using a prescribed medication, she passed away surrounded by her loved ones.—C.C.

- Journalists James Foley and Steven Sotloff, and humanitarian-aid worker Peter Kassig, three of the many victims of ISIL/ISIS
- Olympic athlete/World War II vet Louis Zamperini, subject of the book and movie *Unbroken*
- Press Secretary James Brady, who took a bullet for Ronald Reagan
- WWII Navajo code talker Chester Nez
- Mary Doyle Keefe, the model for Norman Rockwell's “Rosie the Riveter”
- *Washington Post* editor Ben Bradlee
- *60 Minutes* correspondent Bob Simon
- Extreme athlete Dean Potter
- Skateboarder Jay “the Original Seed” Adams
- ESPN anchor Stuart Scott
- Poet Maya Angelou
- Author Sir Terence David John “Terry” Pratchett
- Animator/writer Monty Oum (*Red vs. Blue; Dead Fantasy*)
- Eve's Garden founder Dell Williams
- Actor/civil rights activist Ruby Dee
- Actors Lauren Bacall, Anita Ekberg, James Garner, Richard Keil, Anne Meara, Leonard Nimoy, Eli Wallach
- Director Mike Nichols
- Comedian Joan Rivers
- *Simpsons* TV show cocreator Sam Simon
- Musicians B. B. King, Ben E. King, Tommy Ramone, Johnny Winter
- Disc jockey Casey Kasem
- Movie makeup artist Dick Smith (best known for *The Exorcist*)
- TV announcer Don Pardo (best known for *Saturday Night Live*)
- Photographer/pinup Bunny Yeager



# DANGER-ZONE



Watching the news, it seems as if the whole world is on fire. But you might be surprised by what you'll find in some of the world's hottest zones. Many of those dangerous places make for great adventure.

By Michael Luongo



I have been to plenty of places of conflict as a journalist, corresponding from Iraq, Afghanistan, Gaza, and more than 80 other regions around the globe, working on my books and articles. Along the way, I have found that some of the worst places are actually some of the best, with interesting hotels few know about and pristine hiking trails and archaeological sites I've had to myself, with no one to get in the way of my photographs.

Certainly I am not the only journalist to have been at the forefront of finding off-the-beaten-track places. Nathan Thornburgh, a New York-based journalist who's covered conflict zones, started his website [RoadsAndKingdoms.com](http://RoadsAndKingdoms.com) so that correspondents in some of the world's roughest spots could post about them when not dodging bullets on embeds. Thornburgh says, "Experiencing something on the coast of Bangladesh or someplace that has been in recent conflict is not a regular travel concept, but people are sick of traditional vacations." Like the "no pain, no gain" bodybuilding mantra, he says, "'Easy' does not mean rewarding. The stuff that is often interesting is, by definition, challenging."

In conflict zones, he says, "Experiences are heightened by being someplace that feels far away and feels in some ways uncertain. And on a basic level, you want something that tells a good story." Thornburgh gives examples of being "flown around by a chain-smoking, swearing, very scarred individual" from the Georgian border police and visiting wineries in the region, a part of the world that is untouched by mass tourism and corporate exploitation. "Paris isn't really going to give you that in the same way," he said.



**“Experiences are heightened by being someplace that feels far away and in some ways uncertain. You want something that tells a good story.” —Nathan Thornburgh**

Dangerous places also evolve, like Ciudad Juárez, just over the border in Mexico, which until recently had one of the world's highest murder rates. Kristin Winet, a writer and University of Arizona professor, visited Ciudad Juárez in 2011, staying at the Hotel Lucerna. At the time, she was working as a conference planner for the North American Association for Environmental Education. Juárez was chosen because it was “close to the border and easy to get to,” Winet says. “I did have apprehensions, but I am the kind of person who wants to see for herself,” she continues, adding that even the Mexican participants were wary. “‘Get some balls and come to Juárez’ became our internal marketing campaign.”

Once there, Winet says, “It felt like any other city, and the Lucerna was a beautiful hotel.” Locals and staff told her about restaurants, nightclubs, sushi bars, farmers markets, and other surprises, such as sand dunes outside of town.

“We went out all night dancing,” she says. “It was actually a lot of fun, and it was obvious that people in Ciudad Juárez took pride in the city, even if there was at times a dark undertone.” Young women especially told her, “Despite what is happening in my city, it is still my city and I am going to go out and enjoy it.”

By the end of her trip, Winet tells us, “I felt completely different about Juárez. Yes, you have to be careful as anything can happen, but it is a very resilient place and we had a wonderful time.”



Ciudad Juárez, Mexico



Fruit at El Mercado Guamilito, Honduras

Plenty of places in Latin America have tough reputations, like Venezuela's Caracas. Colombia's Bogotá is becoming a popular destination for curious Americans, though it used to have a reputation for kidnappings, and spillover from the fights of anti-government revolutionaries and drug lords who once ruled the hinterlands.

Another is San Pedro Sula, in Honduras, which is notorious for its violent gangs. Jill Robinson, a Bay Area travel writer, has visited a few times, usually staying at the Gran Hotel Sula. Robinson says she's come across interesting finds at El Mercado Guamilito, like “tooled leather, carved chests, all for a lot less than in tourist

hotels or stores.” She says she and her husband usually take cabs at night, but one incident made her realize that danger can still happen.

“We went to a Uruguayan-style steak house and it was fabulous,” she says, but on her next visit, the restaurant was “refitted with a huge metal sliding door, like a speakeasy. And the guy who lets you in has a gun. What we did not know was that two months before, someone had busted in and robbed everybody. That made me realize I am definitely in an area where this stuff can happen.”

Nothing, of course, beats staying inside a real war zone like Iraq, which





Erbil, Iraq

## Rich with oil and construction money, Erbil, Iraq, offers luxurious five-star hotels, like a branch of the United Arab Emirates-based Rotana.

I've been to a few times. I've traveled there with my friend Allegra Klein, a New Yorker who liked it so much she stayed, first in Baghdad and now in Erbil, the capital of the Kurdish region. In Baghdad we stayed at the al-Hamra Hotel, host to American news bureaus before a 2010 truck bombing. Things like that mean you may never set foot in Baghdad, no matter how daring a traveler you are.

But Erbil is infinitely safer, with the distinction of being designated the 2014 Arab Capital of Tourism by the Arab League. Rich with oil and construction money, it offers luxurious five-star hotels, like a branch of the United Arab Emirates-based Rotana, which is also building a sister property in Baghdad. American chains, including Marriott and Hyatt, are on their way.

Klein calls Erbil a fun place to live. For young single men, "Deutscher Hof is the place to go," she says. On Thursday nights, the beginning of the Islamic weekend, hundreds of steinswilling revelers cram long tables in this transplanted German beer garden. She also recommends the Mamounia Sky Bar, on top of the Noble Hotel, with its vista of the Erbil sky-

line. Both are in Ankawa, a Christian suburb of Erbil where alcohol flows so freely that Stolli Vodka sponsors events organized in conjunction with EPIC, a social group of foreigners and English-speaking locals headed by Texas native Jeremy Oliver.

The big surprise in Iraq for Klein has been her visits to Basra, which is among the world's most important oil centers. "Basra is one of the most beautiful places in Iraq because it is on the water," she says. After conferences in the Basra International Hotel, she and colleagues have taken dinner cruises on yachts adorned with colored lights that ply the river, reminiscent of Cairo Nile boats. Since she's friends with locals and speaks Arabic, she had the chance to see the yacht *Basrah Breeze*, once owned by Saddam Hussein. "They made an exhibit of his living quarters on the ship, even his bathroom and everything. It was pretty amazing," she tells us.

While the fact that they host journalists is why hotels can be targeted in Iraq, it was the opposite for Gaza's array of Mediterranean beachfront hotels during the 2014 conflict between Israel and Hamas. I met Mohammed Alafraji, who runs a travel website called GazaToday.com, during my own 2012 visit to Gaza. He says that in the recent conflict, "Most of the hotels were not destroyed because journalists and [non-government organizations] were there," saving them from Israel's bombing campaign. Alafraji claims that in Gaza, "All the hotels and restaurants are back to how they were before. People were suffering, and they want

to enjoy their lives."

Still, he is not hopeful tourists will visit, saying, "Everybody says something good for Gaza is coming, but for myself, we still see a positive atmosphere all around us, but nothing on the ground."

When I was in Gaza, I stayed at the Al Mathaf, which has an enclosed patio and a fascinating archaeological museum in the lobby. The hotel's owner, Jawdat Khoudary, a chain-smoking, bearded, Buddha-bellied bear of a man with a fatherly air, tells me the hotel has suffered virtually no damage, and, fortunately, none of his staff has been killed. For the future of Gaza, Khoudary says he hopes that "the unity government will be involved in Gaza. That is the key to the reconstruction plan." While Gaza is closed to most visitors, Khoudary, noting his hotel's prime beach location, adds, "I think it is my right to dream that one day we will have an open city and reconnect Gaza to the world."

For the Palestinian experience, it's easier to get to the West Bank's Ramallah. Though best known for its association with the PLO's Yasser Arafat, whose tomb is in the city center, Ramallah is full of boisterous activity. It offers a sense of intrigue as you wander seemingly abandoned stone-lined streets, entering into cavernous Ottoman-era or sleek, 1930s art-deco British Mandate structures.

Oklahoman Pamela Olson, author of the memoir *Fast Times in Palestine*, says, "I feel safer in Ramallah than in Washington, D.C., and in cer-



Baghdad market





tain neighborhoods in New York. And you don't have a State Department advisory for New York." Olson lived in Ramallah in 2004 and 2005 and says, "Seeing Palestinians doing everyday things really switches your mind. The only time you see the West Bank in the news is when there's tear gas."

She calls Ramallah a "very liberal society, especially for the Middle East." One of her favorite hangouts is Snowbar, an outdoor bar on a piney hill. "It feels like you're in Switzerland," she says, adding that it even has a swimming pool. In summer, you'll find bikini-clad women there and at the Movenpick Hotel, which has also hosted the Taybeh Brewery's Oktoberfest.

Alpine beauty also comes to mind for visitors to Abbottabad, the Pakistani city where United States Navy SEALs killed Osama bin Laden in 2011. One local investigative journalist, who asks to use the name Ali Khan for this article, says when he visited soon after that operation, "It was a very picturesque, beautiful place. It's very mountainous and very green." Khan describes Abbottabad as a resort city and college town, with "a fair bit of hustle and bustle going on." Many elite Pakistanis vacation there; one well-known hotel is the Sarban, which is inside a shopping mall.

"It's one of these complicated countries," he says. "It is dangerous in some respects for foreigners, generally depending on where you go. On the other hand, Pakistanis are very hospitable and keen on visitors." He adds with a laugh, "It has a bipolar thing going on."


Places that once were rife with conflict can recover tourism. Rwanda became known to Americans be-

cause of hotel manager Paul Rusesabagina's efforts at saving lives in the capital Kigali. The movie *Hotel Rwanda*, starring Don Cheadle as Rusesabagina, tells how hundreds sought shelter in his hotel during the 1994 Hutu massacres of Tutsis.

International human-rights consultant Barbara Mulvaney was a senior trial attorney during the United Nations genocide trials, and recently returned for Rwanda's 20th-anniversary conflict commemorations. Mulvaney, who is writing a book about the trials, says, "It's like night and day, compared to when I started working there in 2002." "Hotel Rwanda," really the Hotel des Milles Collines, is part of the Kempinski chain. At first, Mulvaney says, "the Milles Collines crept me out. There was a lot of history there." But over time, she realized how pleasurable it was, espe-

cially the pool. "The first time I flew into Kigali" to work on the trials, she tells us, "I thought there was a psychic cloud over the whole country. So oppressive—but it was probably all in my head." Now, she says, "the ghosts are gone for me." For the commemorations, she traveled with her daughter, saying, "The first thing we did after I landed was hire a driver, and we did the gorillas," going on safari to see animals the African country is famous for. Mulvaney said Rwanda attracts such stars as Quincy Jones, who owns property there. She likes sites like Lake Kivu, on the border with the Democratic Republic of Congo, and Gisenyi, "an old Belgian town where our massacres took place, and yet is really beautiful."

For Mulvaney, who has also lived in Baghdad, this is part of what she finds so intriguing about Rwanda. She says, "You go over and over again, and then you see the beauty and you see the resilience." It's what makes visiting places of horror so emotionally fulfilling. She adds, "The people have seen the edge. They have experienced real life and death, but beyond that, they have experienced true horror. And they have come back, and they are so special because of it. They are really alive."

Nathan Thornburgh agrees. "The world is terrible and very beautiful," he says. When visiting conflict zones, "It is not just open hostility like in the headlines. Hard news is a terrible way to learn about a place. Headlines don't do any justice to how a place truly is. You just find people who are leading their lives." 

**Barbara Mulvaney was a senior trial attorney during the Rwanda genocide trials. She says, "It's like night and day, compared to 2002."**





# 50 YEARS OF MUSIC

*A Poem Is a Naked Person*, a never-released documentary about Leon Russell filmed from 1972 to 1974 that had achieved near-urban-myth status, finally had its world premiere at the 2015 South by Southwest film festival. We talk with Russell about his newest projects, and his long career.

Interview by Alanna Nash

PHOTOGRAPH BY DAVID MCCLISTER





Leon Russell famously sang about his life “up on a tight rope” (“One side’s hate and one is hope”) in 1972, but the life of the Oklahoma native—architect of the “Tulsa Sound,” and a member of L.A.’s famed Wrecking Crew session musicians—has been up and down in recent years. After making his mark with a raft of hits as both a solo artist and a sideman for rock royalty, Russell hit a low spot in 2009—until Elton John, a lifelong fan of Russell’s greasy, soul-and-gospel-based piano style, called him to suggest they record an album together. Their collaboration yielded *The Union*, which was nominated for a Grammy in 2010.

Since then, Russell has survived some alarming health problems and celebrated his 72nd birthday with the release of his 37th studio album, *Life Journey*, a look back on his long career. “This is a record of my musical journey though this life,” he says. “It reflects pieces of things that I have done and things I never did. Nearing the close of my adventure, I feel that I may be the luckiest guy in the world.”

I caught up with Russell at his English-style home and country estate outside Nashville, and was surprised at the silver-haired legend’s sense of humor, given his often-grumpy demeanor. “When they first asked me if I would do an interview with a girl from *Penthouse*,” cracked Russell, who’s been married for a quarter century, “I said, ‘I’ll only do it if we’re in the nude.’ The truth is, I can never be naked in public, or my fan base would disappear immediately.”

Still, I had to ask, Which is better: Love or sex?

“Both. They’re good if they can both happen together. But you can’t have everything.”



## INTERVIEW

**Elton John was the executive producer on *Life Journey*. How involved was he with the process?**

Well, he wasn't there, and he didn't make the record. But he paid for it, and he insisted that I get a producer, which ended up being Tommy LiPuma. [Tommy and I have] known each other a long time, but we never really did anything together, so I asked him if he'd be interested, and he said, yeah, he would.

**A number of the songs—Robert Johnson's "Come On in My Kitchen," "Fool's Paradise," and your own "Down in Dixieland" and "Big Lips"—sound like you could have recorded them in 1970.**

Well, all the stuff that I record sounds the same. I only know how to do it one way. When we started out doing this, Tommy and I had a lot of conversations. That was his method of discovery, I suspect. And I just happened to mention that most of the time when I was playing the ensemble on the piano, I was imagining the [Count] Basie band playing that ensemble. I'd play some little melody lines in between, but it was all based on Basie, my fantasy. And lo and beyond, when we made the record, Tommy showed up with [John Clayton] one of Basie's writers and conductors and bass player, so it was exciting for me.

**How did you choose the songs?**

I basically played Tommy songs that I knew. I cut another standards album a few years ago [2002's *Moonlight & Love Songs*] and had this great [chart] writer, and told him I kind of wanted it to sound like Disney music that was complicated, but you couldn't really tell it was complicated. But it turned out to be so complicated I couldn't play on it. And I expressed my concern to Tommy about that for *Life Journey*, and he said, "Well, you can play the songs and make the demos for the writers, and they'll write 'em to your chord changes," which made it a lot easier for me. A lot of the songs I'd played many times for singers, but I'd never sung 'em before, like "The Masquerade Is Over."

**Does that song mean something to you?**

I used to go out to these jam sessions at this jazz club in Tulsa, and they played that song all the time. There was a hillbilly band, Leon McAuliffe, and three or four of the guys worked in that band. They were all quite

**Russell performing (above) and in the studio with filmmaker Les Blank (right) in the 1970s documentary *A Poem Is a Naked Person*.**

proficient jazz players. That's where I learned that song, and that's what actually gave me the idea for writing the song "This Masquerade," which Tommy cut with George Benson—and which sent my kids through school. So there are a lot of weird connections with this album.

**Your real name is Claude Russell Bridges. Did you choose "Leon" from Leon McAuliffe?**

No, actually, I had a Sunday-school teacher called Leon Meigs. I used it from there. And when I was 17, I went to L.A. I graduated from high school in '59, and I went out to California the week after I graduated. But I wasn't old enough to play in the nightclubs in California, and I was starving. I'd been working in nightclubs for four years at home, because Oklahoma was a dry state and they didn't have any alcohol laws. They had lots of alcohol, but no laws. Anyway, out in L.A., I had to borrow a friend's ID. He happened to be a Cajun guy, Leonal Dubrow. Some people were calling me Leon, and some people were calling me Russell, so I just chose Leon Russell. By the way, the week that I turned 21, I got my first real session. And then the next week I had two sessions, and the next week I had three sessions, so I didn't have to go into the nightclubs anymore anyway. Isn't that the way it always is?

**You have a heavy gospel influence in your music. Where does that come from?**

Well, when I was playing those nightclubs at about 13 or 14, I was playing piano in the Methodist church. But the Methodists are a little bit starchy. I had this little crystal set [radio] that I made, and the only station it got was rhythm and blues and gospel. I started playing some of that in the Methodist church, and they ran me off. So that's where that comes from—the radio.

**You recorded your parts for *Life Journey* on an acoustic piano, after**

**spending many years playing an electric instrument. Why?**

I quit playing wooden pianos years ago. I had a birth injury that gave me a slight paralysis on my right side, so I've always had to put up with that. But I play a vocabulary on a wooden piano that I don't play on the digital piano.

**The late John Hartford once told me, "Style is based on limitation." So many definitive stylists came to their work from some sort of limitation that they made work in their favor.**

That's absolutely true. I was fascinated when I realized that. In fact, I was talking to Tommy about it. When I first met him 45 years ago, he could just barely walk. He used two canes [from a bone infection in childhood]. He was walking somewhat better when we did this record. We were talking about that, and I said, "If I hadn't had that birth injury, I'd probably be selling insurance in Paris, Texas." And he said, "Yeah, and I'd be cuttin' hair in Cleveland."

**How did this birth injury occur?**

Well, I'm not sure. I wasn't really lucid at the time. But I expect that the doctor was pulling me out by my head, and it damaged the second and third vertebrae in some way. Spinal injury.

**It affected your whole right side?**

Yeah. When I walked, I had to really concentrate on it to make it look like I wasn't limping. I had to concentrate a lot on any kind of muscular stuff that I did. It may have had something to do with my songwriting, because I had to try to figure out if I could play it or not.

**You don't smile a lot. Did it affect your face as well?**

I'm sure it did, but I was just trying to copy Earl Scruggs with all my facial movements. Onstage, he didn't have much expression. But whenever I talked to him, he was a veritable storehouse of bluegrass information. He would just go on and on and on.

**There's a clip on YouTube of you singing "Jambalaya (on the Bayou)" as part of the house band for the 1960s TV show *Shindig*.**

Yeah, I played on that. Jack Good was the producer of that show. I felt he had a real odd taste in music. He wanted me to sing more on the show. He also wanted to photograph me walking up a ramp, so it would accent my limp. Kinky British, you know what I mean?





# **"THE KIND OF ROCK 'N' ROLL SHOWS THAT I SAW IN TULSA WHEN I WAS 15 OR 16 [HAD]... LIKE, 20 ACTS. AND THAT WAS MY IDEA OF WHAT A ROCK 'N' ROLL SHOW WAS."**

**I don't know that I would have recognized you until I heard you sing.**

Well, I had a Jay Sebring haircut.

**What inspired you to grow your hair and beard out?**

I was late for a session one time, and I didn't have a chance to comb my hair and spray it and shellac it, so it was hanging down. I worked with a lot of the same people every day, and I had so many people come up to me and say hateful stuff to me, and it amazed me. So I thought, "Well, I'm just gonna look like this all the time, because I want to see what people really think."

**You've worked with just about everyone, including George Harrison, who played on your debut album in 1970.**

George was so great. I visited him over in England, in Henley-on-Thames at that castle he lived in. He gave me the tour. There was a dungeon down below the house, and as we walked down, there was this tunnel with caves on the side. He made us put galoshes on, and I thought, *Well, that's weird*. But there was this creek that ran down the middle, and I followed him out, and there was this pond, about an acre and a half. And he just walked out on the water! The joke was that the water was only about an inch deep.

**You played on Frank Sinatra's "Strangers in the Night."**

I played on several Sinatra sessions. Kind of frightening, because there were never less than ten California troopers there. Of course, it was long before drive-by shootings or anything like that. But there were a couple of doors to the studio, and there were two [troopers] at each door, and two or three inside, and two or three outside. It made me a little bit nervous.

**As part of the Wrecking Crew session players in the 1960s, you worked with Phil Spector a lot.**

When I met Tommy [LiPuma] at Liberty Records, he was promotion man there. I was making demos for Jackie DeShannon, for Metric Music, and I ran into him over there. Jackie introduced me to [arranger/producer/songwriter] Jack Nitzsche [Spector's right-hand man], and Jack was the arranger on the Phil Spector records. He used me on those sessions. Phil didn't have much of an opinion of his audience. When I first went in the studio, he made a cross of his fingers and said, "Play dumb! Play dumb!"

**Were you surprised when Spector was arresting for shooting Lana Clarkson?**

Well, I knew he always carried a gun with him. I'd heard that he shot a hole in the ceiling at A&M. There was a little Napoleonic stuff going on there.

**In the documentary film *The Wrecking Crew*, Cher tells a very funny story about you. She says you came to a session completely drunk, doing all this crazy stuff, talking a mile a minute, and being really hilarious. And Phil wanted to begin, and he said, "Leon, have you ever heard of the word 'respect'?" And Cher says you jumped up on the piano and said, quite enthusiastically, "Phil, have you ever heard of the word 'fuck you'?" And everybody just fell on the floor laughing, tears rolling, because it was so out of character for you.**

The way she tells it is absolutely true. Except Phil might have said "team-work" instead of "respect." But yes, that's what happened. I'd been out with Glen Campbell, I think.

**How'd you hook up with Joe Cocker?**

I ran into [English producer] Denny Cordell, and he brought me out to play on some Joe Cocker records, and I thought it would be a chance to maybe pitch some tunes. So after the session I played Joe a couple of tunes that he actually cut, "Delta Lady" being one of them.

**That launched you as a commercial songwriter, but then you organized and performed on the "Mad Dogs & Englishmen" tour with Joe in 1970. That was one of the most exciting events of the era. Did it seem that way when you were in the thick of it?**

Those were the kind of rock 'n' roll shows that I saw at the Tulsa Civic Center when I was 15 or 16. It was called "The Lloyd Price Show of Stars," with the Lloyd Price Band, and it was 25 pieces. And on the same show they'd have Chuck Berry, Fats Domino, Jerry Lee Lewis, Little Anthony and the Imperials, Ruth Brown ... like, 20 acts. And they'd come out and do a song or two and leave. And that was my idea of what a rock 'n' roll show was. I never did see that anymore when I got to be an adult. That's what I was trying to do.

**Somebody asked you about Joe Cocker in an interview, and you said, "I love bipolar people."**

He had his bouts with that, I think.

**Did things end badly with him?**

Actually, it ended quite successfully, I







thought. But within the next couple of months, I started getting a lot of bad press about how I had taken advantage of him. As a matter of fact, when we were doing the show, Denny came up to me one day and said, "You know, you're going to be accused of career profiteering." I said, "What the hell is that?" He said, "Where an unknown guy takes advantage of somebody's fame for his own use." I said, "Oh, wow, complicated." I just kept thinking that Joe was gonna step forward and say, "All the stuff that they said in the press isn't true. That's not what happened." But he never did. So maybe he thought that, too. He was drinking a lot in that time, and I heard stories of him passing out in shows.

**There wasn't a big blowup?**

No. The closest we came to a blowup was when we were rehearsing at A&M, that old Charlie Chaplin soundstage that Herb [Alpert] and Jerry [Moss] had bought. I was acting like the bandleader, which I was. And I said to Joe, "Does that sound okay to you?" And he said, "It never sounds okay to me." I said, "Oh, well, in that case, I'm not going to ask you again." Which I didn't. I just went ahead and did it. I didn't quite understand that response.

**Your relationship with Elton John is one of mutual musical admiration. But you're also friends, right?**

Well, when he called me and asked me if I'd like to do an album, I hadn't spoken to him in 35 years. But I guess we're friends. Denny and I tried to get him for Shelter Records when we started the label, and we just missed him by a couple of weeks. There weren't many white soul

singers around in that period, and I liked the way he sang.

**When you were inducted into the Rock and Roll Hall of Fame, you said, "Elton came and found me in a ditch by the side of the highway of life."**

Yeah, I was watching a soap opera. He originally called up when he was doing some shows with Billy Joel, and he asked me to write some songs. And I said, "Well, what kind of songs do you want?" And he said, "Up-tempo, baby!" I tried to write some stuff, and then he called back and said, "Let's do an album together." It was pretty exciting for me, and I was grateful.

**And then right at the start of your collaboration, you had a health**

**"WHEN [ELTON JOHN] CALLED AND ASKED IF I'D LIKE TO DO AN ALBUM, I HADN'T SPOKEN TO HIM IN 35 YEARS.... I WAS GRATEFUL."**

**scare, a brain-fluid leak.**

Well, I'd had it two or three times. I'd only been out of the hospital from the last operation out in Santa Monica about three or four days when we were supposed to start.

**You'd had operations each time?**

Yeah, that was the third operation. It was some kind of malformed brainpan up in the upper sphenoid sinus. They didn't go together right, and it made a huge space. I had the first two operations done at the Mayo Clinic. The first one lasted for about a year or so. And then the second one lasted about a week, and then it all came back and got a lot worse. My wife found these Indian guys at St. John's hospital in Santa Monica. They said, "What's wrong with him?" She said, "He's got a spinal-fluid leak running out of his nose," and they said, "Oh, you have to come down tomorrow." They did it the next day. They had the whole team, and they put a television camera up my nose and repaired the hole in my brainpan. So I'm on borrowed time.

**How do you know when you have a brain-fluid leak?**

Well, when you hit the brakes on your car, and this huge amount of fluid flies out of your nose and hits the windshield, that's one way to know. Sometimes I'd bend my head over and my nose would run like a faucet. So I went to 14 ear, nose, and throat guys, and they all gave me sinus medicine. I've been lucky. It's a rare situation, apparently. It doesn't happen very often.

**You've had heart trouble, too?**

I've had a heart attack or two. The first time they put four stents in, and two weeks later I was sitting in a chair and I felt like I had a huge woman sitting on my chest. And so I went back again, and they put three or four more stents in there.

**Have your health problems affected your desire to continue working?**

Well, with my debt package, I'll be working until the end of time. I had this assistant and bookkeeper who stole huge amounts of money from me. And my first wife came back after 35 years, so I had to go through a re-divorce, and it cost me a lot more money.

**How do you get re-divorced?**

I don't know. I thought it was all over with, but apparently it wasn't.

**You've been doing another tour.**

I haven't stopped working in 45 years. It's just that people are more aware of me at some times than they are at other times.


**You're talking to the audience at your shows now, which you never used to do.**

Yeah, I never did. But I just had terrible stage fright. My wife said, "You need to talk at your shows. People want to hear you talk." Well, I started doing that, and now they can't shut me up. I get up and tell those stories every night, and people cry.

**You've been in Nashville for two and a half decades, but I never hear anybody say they see you around town. Do you venture out much?**

Yeah, but I'm not in the mainstream. I kind of slink around.

**As long as you're going to work forever, what do you still want to do?**

What is there left to do, you mean? I've thought about industrial plumbing. That might be interesting. 







# WINDOW UNDRESSING

When Tomi Taylor entered the adult business earlier this year, she immediately had all eyes upon her, inspiring heartfelt lust and devotion—not to mention rock-hard erections. We're happy to have the sultry, statuesque beauty as a Penthouse Pet for our annual badass celebration.


Photographs by Tammy Sands









A woman with long, wavy brown hair is posing in a black lace-trimmed thong and black high-heeled sandals. She is sitting on a white surface, possibly a ledge, with her legs crossed. She is holding a black strap over her mouth with both hands. The background features a green window frame and some foliage.

"My idea of what makes someone a badass is not the typical answer. To me, a badass is a person who is honest ... a person who is kind to people ... a person with a good heart, good morals, and good values."













"I think the most badass thing I've done  
is survive 25 years on this planet without killing  
somebody or killing myself....  
Just kidding! My honest answer is, getting my own  
motorcycle. I have a Suzuki GSX-R750."



"I can't say  
yet what's the  
most exciting  
place I've  
made love.  
I haven't had  
sex anywhere  
but in a bed  
or a shower."









↓ TEAR HERE ↓

# PENTHOUSE

✂ TOMI TAYLOR JULY 2015 PET OF THE MONTH

↓ TEAR HERE ↓















**Vital stats:**  
34D-24-32; 5'10"  
25 years old

**Your hometown:**  
Moreno Valley, California.

**Your favorite thing about it:**  
Honestly, nothing.

**Your ethnicity:**  
Native American and Greek.

**Your favorite places to eat:**  
Starbucks and Panera Bread.

**Your favorite kind of music:**  
Anything, as long as it sounds good.

**What music gets you in the mood?**  
Jhené Aiko.

**Your favorite TV shows:**  
*Game of Thrones*, *Dog the Bounty Hunter*.

**Your favorite sport:**  
Ultimate Fighting.

**Your favorite way to get a workout:**  
Get off my ass and go to the gym.

**What's the most daring thing you've ever done?**  
Skydiving.

**You're always up for:**  
A challenge.

**You're never up for:**  
Hidden motives.

**Your favorite fantasy:**  
Being tied up and made love to.

**What's your favorite sex position?**  
Doggie.

Call my sexy friends!  
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♡♡XD XD♡♡

(1-800-739-9738)  
CALLERS MUST BE 18 OR OLDER. COST: \$4.99 TO \$5.99/MINUTE

 SEE MORE OF TOMI  
AT [PENTHOUSE.COM](http://PENTHOUSE.COM).





# PENTHOUSE

★ SAMANTHA BENTLEY AUGUST 2015 PET OF THE MONTH





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NTH









# BADASS BENTLEY

Samantha Bentley, our August Pet of the Month, is known as Bad Bentley because, as she says, "I'm a badass rock 'n' roll girl and I do exactly what I want, and I'm not afraid to tell people what I think. I'm also a bit weird and twisted."

The beautiful Brit gave us a very up-close and personal look at her bad side.

(Metaphorically, of course. Physically, there's nothing close to a bad side in evidence.) You might recognize her from her work on HBO's hit series *Game of Thrones*, where she plays a character credited as, simply, "whore."

Photographs by Matt Christie





"The casting director for *Game of Thrones* saw me on a website and had me audition for season three as a contortionist. But I wasn't bendy enough. They called me back to read for season four, and I did my audition tape in the bath. I heard nothing for ages, and then when I was filming in Barcelona they called and said they needed me on-set in Belfast the next morning. I shot four scenes that day and raced to Belfast."











"The most badass thing I've ever done was be in a band called Drugdealer Cheerleader. We weren't particularly incredible. It was all guys and I was the singer. I used to wear a ripped Iron Maiden shirt and stripper heels on stage."







"When I was at university, I stripped to pay my fees. In the U.K., before you go onstage you walk around with a pint glass and everyone puts in a £1 tip. One night I fell down the stairs in front of a full club and spilled my money everywhere. I really hurt my back, but I had such an adrenaline rush from the fall that I went onstage and did loads of tricks. As soon as I came off, I collapsed in the dressing room!"









**Vital stats:**  
32DD-24-32; 5'4"  
27 years old

**Hometown:**  
London, England.

**Your favorite thing about it:**  
The history, the culture, the vibe. I've always lived there. It has my heart.

**Your favorite vacation spot:**  
Norway or Venice, Italy. They're mind-blowing in completely different ways.

**Your dream vacation spot:**  
Iceland. I want to see the northern lights more than anything!

**What's your secret talent?**  
I play classical piano.

**Who's your favorite superhero?**  
Wolverine. He's definitely a badass.

**What makes someone a badass?**  
Giving no fucks, taking control, living without rules. Like me. I can't be tamed.

**What celebrities do you admire?**  
Any and all female bosses and women on top who take control of their careers.

**Your favorite way to work out:**  
Yoga or sex.

**Your favorite way to relax:**  
Yoga or sex.

**Your favorite fantasy:**  
Public sex, the thrill of getting caught.

**What do you consider kinky?**  
I love being dominated. I think that's quite kinky. In my day-to-day life I'm in control of everything. In the bedroom, I want my man in control.

Call my sexy friends!  
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♡♡XD♡♡

(1-800-739-9738)  
CALLERS MUST BE 18 OR OLDER. COST: \$4.99 TO \$5.99/MINUTE

 SEE MORE OF SAMANTHA  
AT [PENTHOUSE.COM](http://PENTHOUSE.COM).









*Dan Smith*  
Presents

# BACK IN A FLASH

Tattoos now permeate mainstream culture completely, but let's not lose sight of the medium's history.

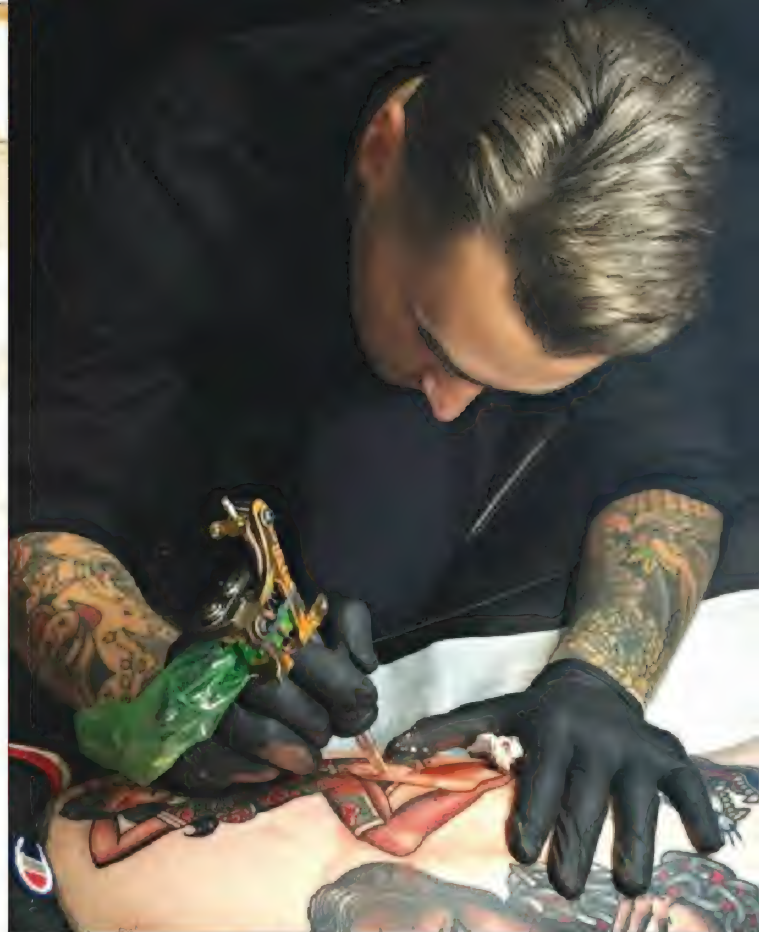
**Artist:** Shaun Topper  
**Tattooing for:** Seven years  
**Find him at:** Captured Tattoo in Tustin, California  
**Instagram:** @shauntopper  
**Email:** shaun@capturedtattoo.com

**When did you first know you wanted to be a tattooer, and what influenced that decision?**

It's hard to say when exactly I absolutely *knew*. But I can say with certainty that I took an interest in the idea when I was 16. I found myself going from shop to shop, trying to get my first tattoo. I was turned away from more than a few [because of my age] before getting that first one, but gained more and more curiosity with each shop I visited. I've always loved drawing and painting, so as my interest in getting tattooed grew, the next logical step was to do some myself.

**When and where did you get your start?**

I went to school and studied art and finally got my first job in a tattoo shop when I was 21. I started working at Da Vinci Tattoo in Wantagh, New York, owned and operated by Frank Romano. The shop was in my hometown and had a really great presence. There were a lot of shops around, but I was lucky enough to get my foot in the door at one of the best. I worked there for about two years before I convinced Frank to mentor me and give me a formal apprenticeship. That taught me so many things I would never have been able to figure out on my own. There was tons of drawing, painting, and closely looking over my boss's shoulder as he tattooed his clients, soaking up all the information I could. About a year and a half into my apprenticeship, I was allowed to do my first tattoo on a friend, and then it was off to the races.



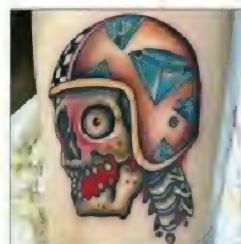
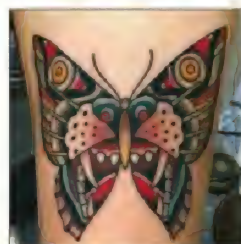
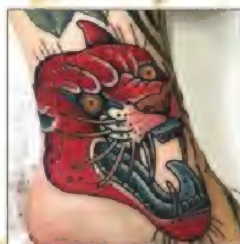
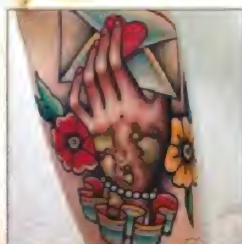
I tattooed all my friends for free to gain the experience and skills I would need to proficiently handle a paying clientele.

**Would you say you have a specific style? What are your thoughts on today's diverse styles, and where do you see the next ten years going?**

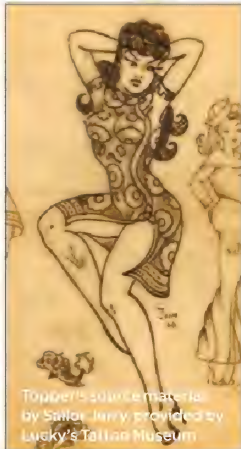
There are countless styles of tattooing out there, many of which bleed into one another, making it difficult to nail anybody's work down to one specific style. The tattoos I do usually reflect a traditional influence; they tend to be a bit more straightforward and bold. I'm drawn to that style because it holds up really well over time. All tattoos fade and lose a little bit of their power as the years go by, so the stronger the tattoo is to start, the better suited it is to stand the test of time. Some of the softer styles that are popular now look great when the tattoo is fresh, but lose their impact quickly. I think as people see that those designs aren't holding up as well, more will drift back toward the traditional tattoo for its longevity.

**Tell us about the image that you selected to update.**

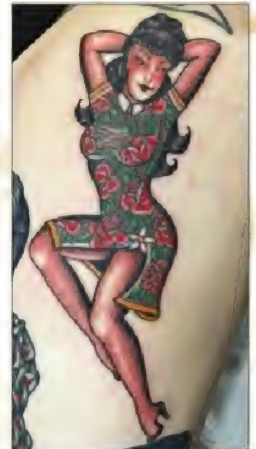
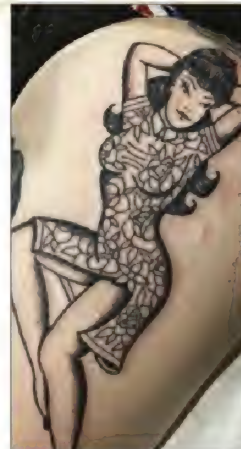
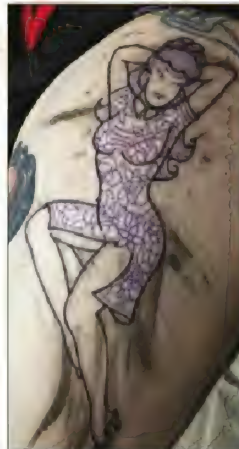
The original artist was Norman Collins, better known as Sailor Jerry. My love for traditional tattooing was largely influenced by his work. Looking through the flash designs, this one jumped out at me right away. The pinup is such a classic design, and it can be so interesting even though it's a simple design.







Topper's source material, by Sailor Jerry, provided by Lucky's Tattoo Museum



### Was there anything about the design that didn't fit your style?

This design was really great right from the start. I think it's difficult to pull off a full-body pinup tattoo in a simple style, but this one nailed it. I really liked the pose and didn't change all that much to blend his style into mine. The most noticeable change I made was in her dress. I really liked the idea of the patterned dress in the original, but I added a bit more detail with the roses I drew. I also might have bumped up her boobs and butt a bit to suit more modern pinup proportions.

### The art of tattoo flash goes back a long way and really is the backbone of tattooing. Do you think it will be phased out one day, due to modern innovation and trends?

Well, the role tattoo flash plays has definitely changed, but I don't think it will ever be phased out. Years ago, you could pick a design from the flash and have it tattooed, or you could pick nothing and get nothing. The idea of custom work isn't exactly a new idea, but it's definitely more popular than ever. However, I don't think the importance of flash is diminished in any way by this rise of custom tattooing. The flash serves as a spark for the clients. They may get an idea of a color combination they like, or just see a design they wouldn't have thought up on their own. Tons of people pick a design off the flash on the walls, get it tattooed, and leave happy as can be. It's a great way to get creativity flowing, and also serves as a great outlet for artists to show what they can do.

### For some artists, painting is a release that tattooing cannot give them. For others it's not so important. How important is it to you?

Painting is a really important creative outlet for me. It gets creativity flowing without any limitations. The experimentation you do while tattooing is dictated by the expectations of your clientele. Making a mistake on a tattoo isn't something anybody is going to be too keen on. Painting lets you do whatever you want with no serious repercussions. If I don't like the way a painting turns out, it's fine. I can paint over it, rip it up, or burn it without anybody saying a thing about it. That freedom allows for creative breakthroughs and allows ideas to flow spontaneously.

As you know, I'm currently spending most of my time on a painting project we're working on: putting together a large body of work for an art show opening this fall in Southern California called "Captured: Under Lock and Key." That's definitely something new and unusual that I'm very excited about.

### How important is celebrating the history of tattooing?

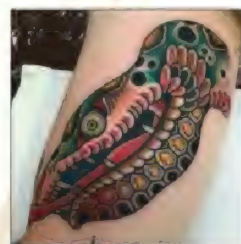
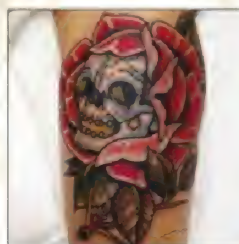
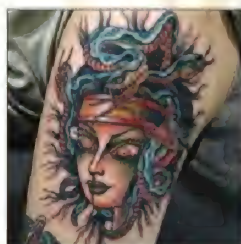
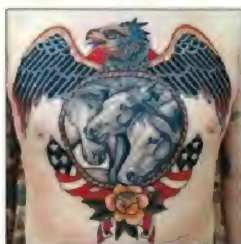
The history of tattooing is of indescribable importance. All the amazing artists out there today have been influenced by those who came before them. I recently visited Lucky's Tattoo Museum in Largo, Florida, and was absolutely blown away by the history and inspiration there. I don't think any artist can ever really reach their full potential without examining the lessons laid out for them by the artists who did it first. Those guys created the tattoo world, and every tattooer and anybody who's interested in tattooing at all should take the time to educate themselves.

### What do you think of when looking at old flash or tattoos? Is there an era that stands out to you, and does that affect how you approach your own work?

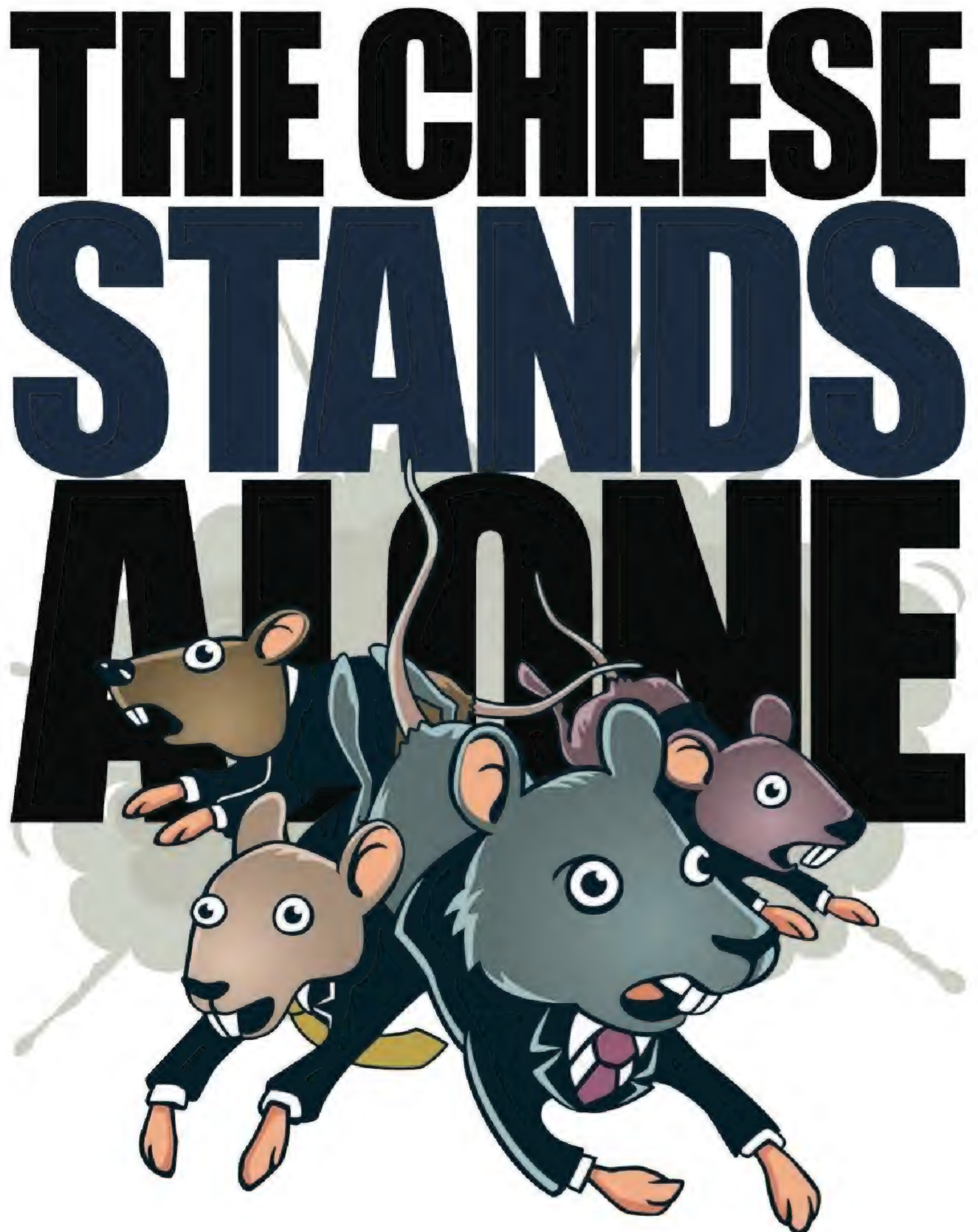
Looking at old flash and tattoos is always a humbling experience. The caliber of work these pioneers were putting out without anybody mapping it out for them is really amazing. There's really impressive work going back to the 1800s. It's inspiring to see all the innovation that was going on, and helps me push the envelope myself.

### You spent most of your career so far in New York, then moved to Southern California. Do you see any major difference in tattoo style between the two? Is there anything about Southern California that especially inspires you?

I haven't really noticed any major differences in the style of tattooing. With magazines and the internet available for artists and clients alike to check out others' work, I find that a lot of new themes are pretty universal. The pace in California is a bit more relaxed, however, and I've found that that gives me a little bit more freedom to explore creative options. I'm grateful for that.







Campaign financing via super PACs is a Ponzi scheme that would make Ponzi scream.

By Steve Faber



**F**or time immemorial, scientists around the world have been engaging in similar, yet effective, experiments. A small maze, say three square feet, is constructed. Somewhere in the maze sits a hearty chunk of cheese: Gouda, Swiss, Gruyere, Camembert ... you name it. Different types of mice are dropped into the four corners of the maze. The fun begins.

The mouse that negotiates the maze quickly and successfully, thus reaching the cheese before the other mice, "wins." What precisely does the mouse win? In a lab environment, the mouse ostensibly wins the cheese. Also, a boost to any sense of self-esteem the mouse may possess. Bragging rights? Perhaps. The bottom line is, the neuroscientist organizing said experiment logs data (Mouse A was quicker than Mouse B, while Mouse C's performance was simply embarrassing). The mice are gathered up and live to race for the cheese another day.

This simple "mouse racing toward cheese" exercise bore a striking resemblance to the GOP primary race as it geared up in the spring of 2015. (We'll get to the Democrats later, as there simply aren't as many mice.) Of course, there are a few profound differences. First, substitute "candidate" for "mouse." And not just any candidate, but *the* candidate, who will have the privilege—or bear the burden, depending on your point of view—of winning the Republican nomination, thus becoming the standard-bearer in the 2016 presidential election.

The "cheese"? That consists of the 1,144 delegates said candidate will need to win the Republican nomination.

Last—and most significant—when that maze/cheese/candidate experiment is performed in the United States during the GOP primary season, that large hunk of cheese does not sit in the middle of the maze. It sits to the far right of the maze. Even if a potential candidate travels to the most right-hand section of the maze, chances are that the candidate *still* hasn't captured the cheese. That candidate must break out of the cage and race even farther toward the



## BEING ANOINTED A REAGAN REPUBLICAN IS A BIT LIKE AN OLD MEMORY THAT IS NOW TARNISHED, TAINTED WITH CYNICISM.

right. The candidate now smells the cheese; he or she knows the cheese is within clawing distance. And with that cheese, those 1,144 delegates for which he's vying.

Why do Republicans seeking their party's nod engage their potential delegates in this Byzantine manner? They do so in the name of a mythos, one passed down through the ages (if one considers 1989 to the present an "age") that acts as a symbolic smell test, as well as the holy grail of GOP success: the quest to be crowned a Reagan Republican. This is a baffling journey for GOP presidential hopefuls, given that, in part, President Reagan, though apparently quite affable, left the following legacy:

- According to the Congressional Budget Office, taxpayers earning

less than \$10,000 in annual wage lost an average of \$240 from Reagan's 1981 tax cuts, while those earning more than \$80,000 gained an average of \$15,130.

- By the fall of 1982, the jobless rate had hit 10.1 percent, the worst jobless rate in 42 years. One year later, more than 11.9 million people were out of work.

- In 1983, the country's poverty rate rose to 15 percent, a figure last seen in the mid-1960s.

- Last, though one could go on and on, a 1984 congressional study reported that cuts in welfare had pushed more than 500,000 people, the majority of them children, into poverty.



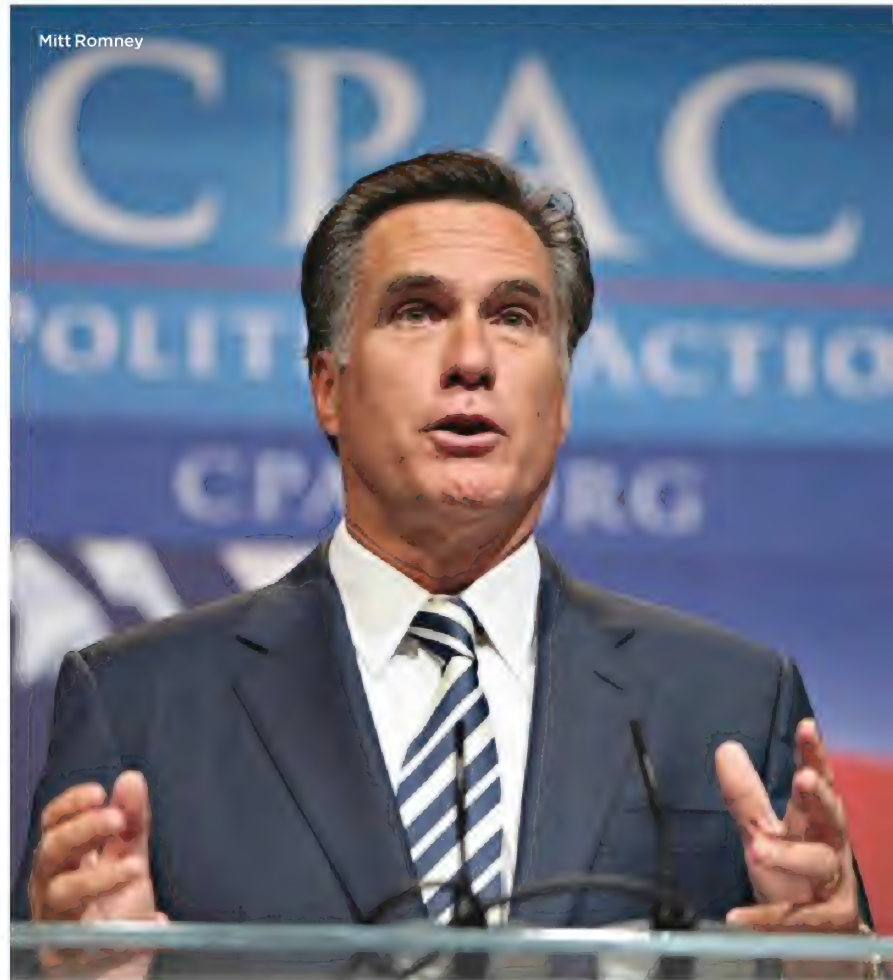


Thus, being anointed a Reagan Republican is a bit like an old memory that is now tarnished, tainted with cynicism. Not unlike the time when Buddy, our very large, very old cat, died. I felt it was too early for my then-three-year-old son—and too jarring for me—to explain the death concept, so I told him that Buddy and all the other very old, very large cats don't die. Rather, they go to a sort of assisted-living cat hotel where they chat it up with other cats, play cards, tell jokes, etc. Ten years later, nearly to the day, while driving down Sunset Boulevard, my son looked at me and—out of nowhere—said, “Wait a minute! There's no such thing as a cat hotel!” I told him the truth. He shook his head ruefully and said, “Yeah, I figured.”

What's the nexus? Well, the Reagan legacy was our cat hotel, and, sure, it would have been nice *had there been* cat hotels ... so let's just pretend there were cat hotels. Cat hotels that left legacies. The legacies we fondly, yet incorrectly, remember. Again, the man was ostensibly affable.

Which brings us back to the cheese ... and the delegates.

Voters are under the painful misapprehension that spring/summer 2015 is far too premature a time to ponder and parse the GOP maze. Not so! Super PACs are collecting money for their candidate under the guise of collecting money for the *causes* that the candidate supports. That “cause” is, by and large, well, the candidate. Except the super PAC cannot deal directly with the candidate for whom it's raising money. This is all accomplished under a type of Ponzi scheme that would have made Ponzi scream, especially given that the Supreme Court (or at least five justices) made manifest an almost mind-bogglingly bat-shit-crazy decision called *Citizens United v. Federal Election Commission*. (The take away of it? Corporations are people. There's no regulation on how much money a corporation can give to a candidate or their PAC.) This decision will have constitutional scholars scratching their heads and attempting to decode the decision, not unlike an Egyptologist discovering a new tomb, carefully dusting off a wall, and, rather than finding the expected hieroglyphics, discovering the entire 50-page



Cheesecake Factory menu—written in Esperanto.

Dollars, millions of them, are collected on behalf of a cause or causes (not the candidate—wink, wink) under the fairly simple notion that those dollars come from, say, Marty, your next-door neighbor, who's replete with a beating heart, a brain, lungs, a lawn mower, and a checkbook. Desirous to engage the political system, Marty takes a breath, thinks for a moment, and writes his candidate (or his candidate's PAC) a \$20 check. While that small but heartfelt transaction is taking place, the CEO of Big Jim's Muffler Mania, the largest auto-parts retailer in the United States, with 150 locations nationwide, decides to send a sack of \$10 million to the super PAC that philosophically aligns with the candidate who just so happens to be desirous of complete deregulation of the auto-parts industry.

Under the aegis of the Supreme Court, both Marty and Big Jim's Muffler Mania are considered

“people.” Yes, it sounds like a punch line, yet one need only remember the 2012 Mitt Romney mantra “Corporations are people, my friend” to make sense of this. Or whatever sense one *can* make of it, as Marty—heart-beating, barbecuing tri-tip for the neighbors, speaking, yelling, urinating, doing all those things that human beings generally do—is, per *Citizens United*, precisely the same entity as Big Jim's Muffler Mania, despite the fact that Big Jim's Muffler Mania contains nothing we would consider human. Big Jim's Muffler Mania can neither barbecue nor urinate.

Marty, if lucky, will wind up with a form email thanking him for his pitiful donation. The email will contain shopworn bromides like, “We've had enough!” and “It's time to tell Washington how we really feel!” Plus the standard, “How much more of this can we take?” It will finish with,



"How much more can you donate?" The CEO of Big Jim's will get a photo op with the candidate he just spent satchels of money on, along with a promise that Senate Bill #1060, the one that would allow Big Jim's to be sued should one of Big Jim's ignition switches cause one's car to explode, will never see the light of day. Any piece of legislation that exposes Big Jim's and its competitors to litigation will be vetoed or buried so deeply in the caverns of Congress that a team of highly trained spelunkers would simply shrug and sadly walk away, leaving that legislation two miles below the Earth's crust.

As the big money starts rolling in, the chase for the cheese begins. For the GOP potential nominees, this age-old ritual is called "staking out a position." Of course, what something is named and what it actually is are frequently two different things. Such is the case with this ritual. In essence, staking out a position involves waiting, with your fellow potential nominees, for the light to turn green, then hanging a right turn so quickly and so far as to almost turn left.

There was a time in the not-too-distant past when that cheese-chasing/staking-out-a-position free-for-all was defined by one word: *abortion*. Abortion and everything abortion hinted at, implied, and signified about women and their sexuality; thoughts conscious and subconscious all stored in a mason jar of anger, angst, disgust, and resentment. Abortion represented that thing that the law permits or sanctifies, that thing we cannot control ("we" being men or women who are bent on control).

Now, however, abortion is a non-starter. The Supreme Court, though cobbling away at *Roe v. Wade*, is highly unlikely to deny a woman the right to an abortion. And Republican candidates have come across the startling revelation that women vote. By and large, they kicked the abortion can down the road. Still traveling at warp speed toward the right, these candidates discovered something just as primal and, for them, even more troubling. They discovered *fear*.

Americans are scared. Post 9/11, we're a frightened people, an electorate that "knows," senses, that

something bigger, more dangerous and nefarious, is surreptitiously coming to get us when we're fast asleep in our "safe" neighborhoods. And we've transferred all that fear into a new mason jar that contains that frightful thing called "the Border."

Oh, without question, the candidates, racing their muscle cars down the Right Highway, take time to honk their horns and yell to potential voters about the other things that just might scare the shit out of said voters: gay marriage, legalized weed, high taxes, subsidized health care, the president is a Muslim communist who takes his marching orders from another continent, and so on. This is called the "red meat," and apparently plays to those voters who are screaming, "Farther right! More to the right!"

(A GOP wet dream: Two undocumented workers who made it past the fence and the wall to the United States engage in a gay marriage while getting high on medical marijuana as one of them gives birth to a child, with the whole medical procedure paid for by "Obamacare." Wetter yet, this crossing-the-border/birthing

substantial number of voters started yelling back, "Apply the brakes!"

Once that candidate has fully ingested the notion that his or her veer-to-the-right invective sounded faintly like a first-timer at a Navajo peyote ritual, that candidate will learn a new way to drive called "tack back to the center." First of all, the candidate must spit out the cheese he or she is chewing on. That's a given. Then, as the candidate tacks back toward the center, he or she learns a bit of Spanish that, when spoken, forces people who only know a bit of Spanish into fits of convulsion. This is followed by a bit of babble about how "everyone should get a chance" and some verbiage about the candidate's own personal feelings about a woman, her sexuality, her doctor, anybody's sexuality, as opposed to his or her public feelings about such matters (even though there was no discernible difference during the cheese race). That's capped off with remarks about "bigger tents to fit more Republicans," and nonsensical remarks about personal liberty and the like.

Mitt Romney had to take that drive

## THE TAKE AWAY OF *CITIZENS UNITED*? WELL, REMEMBER THE 2012 MITT ROMNEY MANTRA "CORPORATIONS ARE PEOPLE, MY FRIEND"?


ceremony is filmed as a documentary funded by the National Endowment for the Arts and uploaded to Hillary Clinton's email server and mistakenly not deleted.)

That being said, the Border is the new Abortion, representing every fear and anxiety, everything and anything we cannot control. Build a fence, build a wall, build a moat, put sharks in the moat, electrify the fence, put mines in the water. When it comes to the Border, there's no such thing as "too far to the right."

Herein lies the problem. Certainly talk of the border and immigration will help propel one of those candidates to the cheese and that candidate will consume it with gusto. He or she will celebrate the win with a staff perplexed by the question, "How far right is right?" and realize there is a chilly center. One staffer who has done the proper polling will be shocked to discover that somewhere near the intersection of Whack-Job Avenue and What-the-Fuck-Did-I-Just-Say? Way, a

back in 2012, and it didn't work out so well. Driving downhill to the right is fairly easy. You can even coast. Driving back uphill to center when you've racked up so much right-wing mileage? It's a safe bet you're running low on gas.

To their credit (one supposes), the Republicans did change their primary rules for the 2016 nod. Their primary season is shorter. This idea was created and approved by the Republican National Committee in order to avoid the 2012 GOP debacle wherein the 3,000 debates the Republican candidates engaged in, each attempting to out-right wing the others, started to resemble an underground Ultimate Cave Fight in Cuernavaca.

And the cheese? It's back where it was when this all started. Far to the right. Yes, the cheese stands alone. It's sharp. And it cuts both ways. 





Former *aturday Night Live* star Colin Quinn is not afraid to talk about race, and he proves it in *The Coloring Book*, his riotous catalog of the endlessly diverse New York City neighborhoods he roamed in younger days.

Interview by John Bolster

In his early twenties, former “Weekend Update” anchor Colin Quinn fancied himself a budding writer, even going so far as to invent “Colum,” an Irish alter ego for himself, which he deployed in dive bars all over New York City to boost his self-image, impress strangers, and pick up girls. He was more of a drunk than a writer back then—much more—but now, in his mid-fifties (with successes in stand-up, TV, and Broadway under his belt), the clean-and-sober Quinn actually has written a book, and while he doesn’t wax poetic in it, exactly, he proves that the ambitions of his youth were not that far-fetched. Part memoir, part discourse on ethnic stereotypes, Quinn’s deferred literary debut is laced with hilarious turns of phrase and outlandish anecdotes about growing up in a New York City vastly different from the post-Rudy Giuliani Big Apple. He spoke to us recently about his soon-to-be-completed quest to solve race relations in America.

**What would be your ideal response to this book, and what response do you think you’ll actually get?**

I think we can safely say those will probably be two different things. My ideal response would be like, “Hey, this book is funny. Maybe we’re too precious about discussing ethnicity in this country.” The response I’ll probably get is, “Well, why would anybody listen to a white male? He’s obviously speaking from a place of unconscious, supremacist patriarchy.” Or something like that.

**You come at this type of humor with a wide perspective, and a solid knowledge of all the ethnic groups you’re talking about. But do you ever worry that some less broad-minded fans might take your jokes out of context and use them the wrong way?**

Yeah, of course. But it’s like a gunslinger in the Old West, on the one hand, and then ... people that are not professionals, you know? [A gunslinger] is going to be better than a banker trying to be a gunslinger. But, ultimately, if I’m writing based on [fear of] misperception, that means eventually I’m writing like this: *That joke could be misconstrued by some racist psychopath living in a militia*. So it’s like, I have to write jokes that a guy in a militia understands and gets? This was never my goal. You’re not really getting any subtle nuance that way.

**Park Slope, Brooklyn, and New York City in general were completely different places when you were growing up than they are now. Can you talk about those differences?**

I have mixed feelings, because now it’s what we all wished for, you know what I mean? We wished for the New York of today—just a very safe, outdoor mall. We wished for a giant bank, which is what we have. It’s basically one of those plazas outside a giant bank. In the old days it was very dangerous, but it had a little flavor to it.... But people fled for good reason. You’d be getting on the train—and transit cops wouldn’t get on the train. People didn’t play games back then. It was very violent.

**You had some rough nights in your twenties. Did you really wake up one morning on a median in the middle of the Brooklyn Queens Expressway?**

Guess what? I don’t even tell all the stories. [Laughs] There are other stories. I mean, I just started



remembering some after the book was finished, and I was like, *Oh, I shoulda put that one in*. Then I was like, *No, I shouldn't have. That's a bad one, that's really bad*. But, yeah, I woke up on the median of the BQE in the old Williamsburg, which was a rough neighborhood back then. I woke up and I wasn't even like, *Oh, jeez!* ... I was a little nervous, like, *Oh, I better get off this*. But I wasn't as nervous as a normal person would have been.

**You mention getting knocked out at least three times that I recall. How many times did you get KO'd during this period—just a ballpark figure?**

Oh, my God. I mean, that's the thing—if I ever did another book, I would have to talk to all my friends, and my brother's friends, and they could give a closer count.

**Was that ultimately what got you to stop drinking?**

It was really a combination of things. I woke up one day, and had all these desk-appearance tickets lying next to me on the couch. I looked at these court dates, and it was so hard—because I hated anything to do with filling out forms and shit like that. This was shit that I *had* to deal with, go to court. I was like, *I can't fucking do this*. And I looked in the mirror, and I saw this fucking homeless guy, even though I was only 23 or 24. I was like, *Wow, this is me. I'm gonna be one of these SRO guys*.

**So it was paperwork that got you to stop drinking. Bureaucracy.**

Yes! Bureaucracy really helped me. Because I was like, *I can't do this*. I can't fill these papers out. I can't keep going to court.... And I just lucked out that I didn't do anything irreparable, you know? Most of the damage was to myself. But I could have easily been this fucking drunk driver who killed somebody. I knew people that killed families when they were drunk. They can never forget; they can never atone for that.

**Yeah, it would be impossible to get past that completely.**

So I'm really lucky. I'd wake up in downtown Manhattan, in those bull pens, and not even know what I did. I could have been in for ... *anything* and I wouldn't have known. You find out, like, three days later when they bring you to court. I'd be sitting there for three days, going, *What the fuck did I do?* Then you get to court and they're

like, "Okay, you're here for"—ya know—"drunken, resisting arr—" I was like, *Oh, thank God!*

**You tell a funny story in the book about performing at a birthday party for Robert De Niro, at the request of his wife, and then completely bombing. Was there any follow-up on that from his camp?**


Yeah, the follow-up was, eight years later I was outside the Comedy Cellar, and De Niro was there with his wife. I figured, *Yeah, he probably forgot about that shit. It's just one of those things, he's got a full life....* And stupid Jim Norton was there. Comedian Jim Norton, who's supposedly a friend of mine. And he goes, "Hey, remember the time he bombed at your birthday party?" And De Niro's face and his wife's face both were so disgusted—as they remembered it, they had these angry looks on their faces for a second. And then they were just like, "Oh, forget that." But I saw, it really did have an effect. It probably almost broke up their marriage. That's how bad it was.

**You talk about Jerry Seinfeld, Chris Rock, and Adam Sandler as comics you came up with. What are your relationships with them like now?**

My relationships with them now are, basically, me going to them after my manager prods me, and asking for favors.... Yeah, no, I still eat breakfast with Jerry, I still see Chris at the clubs

sometimes. I don't see Adam hardly ever, because he's in L.A. But whoever you kind of formed with, it matters so much to you. And Chris especially—we used to drive each other in [to Manhattan] with our mothers' cars from Brooklyn all the time. Depending on who had the car. It was such an innocent time, and an exciting time. I feel like me and Chris Rock, the thing we had was, we taught each other work ethic. Because whatever else, we would be the two sitting there at these diners at two in the morning, with our little notebooks and pens, writing all the time.

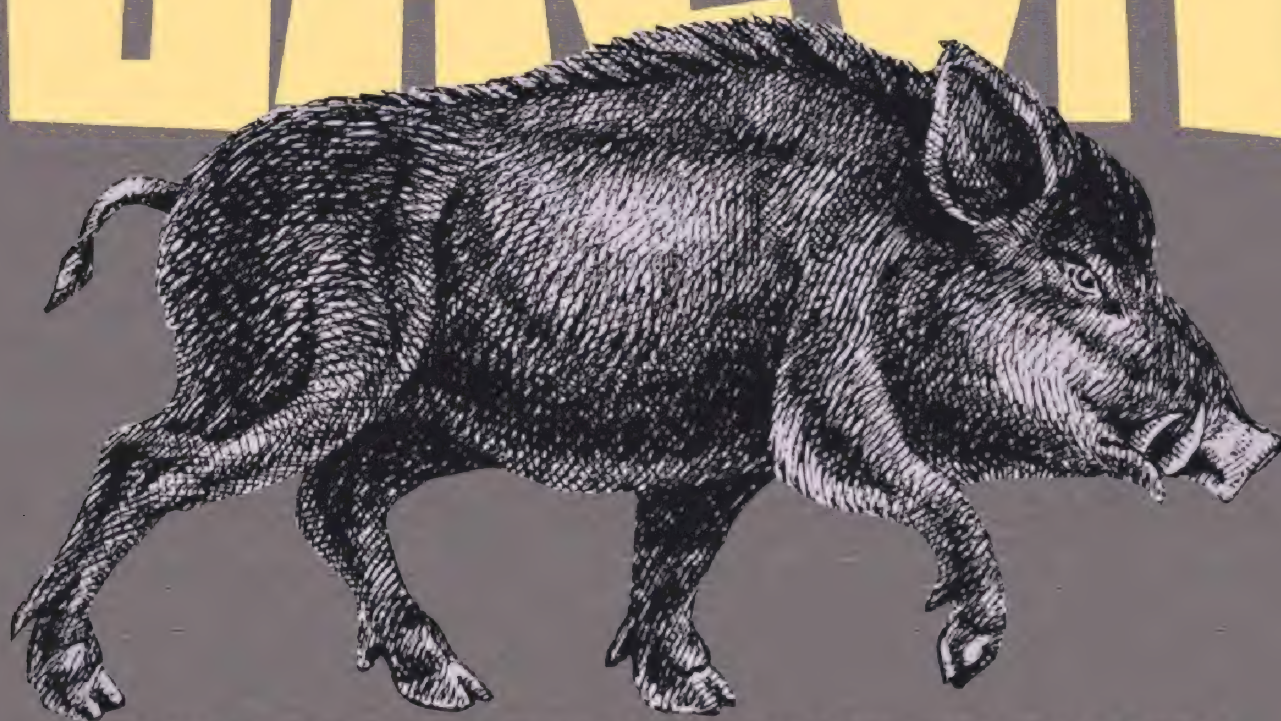
**Did that work ethic help when you caught bad breaks or bombed onstage? Did it keep you grinding through the tougher parts?**

Oh, yeah, I mean, it's the only thing. When you're a writer, it's so ... impossible ... to write. How many people do you know who say they're writers, but they can't put the pen to paper? Because that's fucking horrible. It's horrible. It's the most depressing—it puts an empty fear in my guts, every time. And it's supposed to be this great thing. But you just know that at the end of it, there's always this little redemption. And it's not even big; it's just a little thing. Maybe one of your peers says something. And that's what keeps you going, when your friend goes, "Hey, that was great." You're like, *Oh, thank God, somebody noticed!* 





# BRINGING HOME THE BACON



**America is experiencing a plague of wild pigs. Nationwide, a lot of effort and cash goes into damage control, and hunters enjoy playing a significant role.**

**By Scott McMorrow**



**F**in, feather, or fur, I'm a guy who likes to kill his food. Hunting is a way of life, but also a way to connect with nature, and a way to feed my family. I don't apologize for it. Today, we're on the move for wild pigs in the rolling hills of Northern California. We need to be careful. Wild pigs can weigh hundreds of pounds, and they're armed with razor-sharp tusks. Make a mistake, and a hog from hell might tear into you. They're fearless and ferocious, and the whip-smart bruisers have been known to circle around and attack hunters from behind.

"If we find any wee ones, back away slowly," my partner George says with a grin. "Don't want to come between Momma and her piglets." George is tall and lean, with a full shock of red hair, and he gets a quick light in his eye when talking about danger. He's been chasing pigs for decades, and he knows that a sow with her young is more menacing than a male boar with four-inch cutters.

The United States is experiencing a plague of wild pigs. Damage caused by the non-native pests is estimated to be more than \$1.5 billion annually. They literally eat like pigs, with everything on the menu. They destroy ecosystems, obliterate agricultural crops, and prey on young calves and lambs. This is a big deal out here in California's wine country, where an acre of mature vines can be worth more than \$300,000. And wild hogs fuck like rabbits. Their population pretty much triples each year. Nationwide, a lot of effort and cash goes into damage control, and hunters enjoy playing a significant role.

Pigs are highly adaptable, and were first brought to North America by early European settlers. Free-ranging practices allowed domestic pigs to escape into the untamed New World. In the 1900s, wild Eurasian boars were brought to the States. Those violent animals crossbred with the feral population. Wild-boar/feral-pig hybrids are prized by hunters, as one pig can provide hundreds of pounds of delicious and delectable flesh.

You'll find more than one way to skin a pig, but you have to kill one first. Some guys run dogs; some like the friends-and-family plan. That's known as using a "Judas pig": A sow is captured and fitted with a tracking device, then when she returns to her

sounder, or pack, wildlife managers set cage traps to capture the whole rampaging lot.

We're hunting old-school: spot and stalk. Things are simpler, and more intense. No dogs, nothing high-tech. This is all about old-fashioned sweat and legwork. George and I spent yesterday afternoon scouting hard for pigs. We logged at least ten miles, busting our asses up rugged hills and down deep valleys. Finally, we came across some solid signs: well-worn paths running straight up the side of a steep ravine. Most game trails, such as those from deer and elk, cross the face of sharp terrain, making the animals' trek longer but less strenuous. Pigs hump it straight up and down the vertical.

While scouting the bottom of the ravine, we found what we were searching for: scat, rubs, and tracks. Pigs scratch themselves against trees, and judging by the height of some of the rub lines, we knew we were into mature swine. The plan was to come back in the morning, before first light. Like most game, pigs are mainly active in the early morning and evening.

Predawn finds George and me crouched on high ground above the spot near yesterday's signs. The first rays of orange-blue sunlight warm the landscape, and we start glassing the hillside with binoculars. "Ten o'clock, 800 yards," I whisper, watching as three good-size hogs break out of the trees and begin foraging for breakfast.

"I've got my quiet clothes on," George says with a chuckle, and

we start backing down the opposite side of the ridge. "Spot and stalk" is exactly as it sounds. Find your prey, use stealth to approach, and take the shot. Hogs have poor vision, good hearing, and an excellent sense of smell. The trick here is to stay silent and keep the wind in your face so the pig can't smell you coming.

After two hours of creeping slow and low around the ridge and staying upwind, we close the gap to 300 yards. Not an impossible shot, but not ideal either. Our pigs have wandered halfway up the side of the hill, and we need to close the deal soon or lose the opportunity. "Belly crawl to that scrub brush," I barely whisper to George. He nods yes, and we get down on our stomachs, rifles cradled in the crooks of our elbows. The effort will shave off half the distance.

My elbows and knees find each pebble and rock along the way. It takes 20 minutes to make it to the clump of brush. Once there, we see the pigs have again moved uphill. There are 200 yards between us and no cover to move to. The time is now.

"Far left," George says softly, letting me know which hog he's shooting at. We both assume the prone firing position, lying flat on our stomachs, legs pressed wide against the ground, up on elbows, aiming our rifles. My pig is presenting broadside, with the best shot at the shoulder. Figuring for a few inches of bullet drop, I hold high with my 30-06 Ruger American. My breath is ragged. I need to slow it down. The rise and fall of my breathing is causing barrel movement, and that slight motion can mean a sure miss.

"On three." I barely hear George.

"One ..."


I breathe in full lungs of crisp fall air.

"Two ..."

I force all the air out through pursed lips, intending to shoot at the bottom of this breath; this will steady the gun.

"Three."

The simultaneous shots sound as one, shattering the mid-morning silence. The rifle's recoil punches into my shoulder with a dull pulse of pain. Two shots. Two hits. Both pigs tumble a few yards downhill.

The truck is two miles away, and it will take both of us to drag each pig back. If we move steadily, we should be on our way home before dark. Pig hunting is hard work, but the calories earned are worth the calories burned. Like the path of a bullet, one fact rings straight and true: Everything tastes better with bacon. 

**A WILD-BOAR/  
FERAL-PIG  
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FLESH.**



# SCOTT CHURCH

For the past half century, *Penthouse* magazine has been a celebrated resource dedicated to honoring the raw appeal of the female form. Now we're once again showcasing the vision, work, and talent of emerging photographers.

Scott Church is an internationally published, award-winning fine-art/erotic-portrait photographer who has published eight books of his images. His photography workshops in (among other places) London, Dublin, Dallas, Philadelphia, the District of Columbia, Seattle, and the Dominican Republic have been sellout events that each attracted dozens of professional and amateur photogs. Church also has a web series on photography called Scott Church Presents. He does an annual workshop at Fetish Con, in Central Florida, and shot this pictorial of Nyxon and Nyssa Nevers during Fetish Con 2014.

**When did you see your first issue of *Penthouse*? What do you remember about it?**

The one I remember the most from the past was the Madonna issue. I would have been 13 or 14. Madonna was huge at that point, well on her way to taking over the world. When the pictures came out people lost their minds, but all she said, basically, was, "Who cares?" She totally took all the wind out of their sails with a completely fuck-you attitude. That was so punk rock; I have loved her ever since.

**Do you feel as if seeing the images in *Penthouse* has impacted your own work?**

I believe that *Penthouse* has not only impacted me, but that seventies and eighties Bob Guccione-style imagery was one of my biggest influences. I believe that *Penthouse* helped me find my own style and made me the photographer I am today.

**What does it mean to you to shoot erotic images?**

To me, "erotic images" are the most human and relatable form of self-expression. They are truly timeless.



Technology, religion, politics, social standards—they're all constantly changing, for better or worse. Sex is and will always be exactly the same; it is today what it was at the beginning of time. There is nothing more true about how we express ourselves than how we express our sexuality.

**What makes an erotic photo interesting, memorable, and/or remarkable?**

In my opinion, there is nothing that isn't interesting about



erotic images. Even amateur selfies tell a story that can't be ignored.

**How did you develop your photographic style?**

Honestly—and I believe this is true of all photographers—my work and style are a culmination of every image and source I have ever seen. I steal wildly from thousands of different sources my mind has stored up over the years, and I almost always do so without realizing it. Pablo Picasso said, "Good artists copy, great artists steal."

**What are you trying to say with your work?**

I think that the statements I'm trying to make are all right there in the images themselves. My story has been told when I click the shutter. The real stories come from the viewers; they control the narrative of all my photographs. After the image is finished, what they see and take away, and ultimately make up in their own minds, are the things that make a photograph matter in the long run. Hopefully, long after I'm dead, viewers will still be seeing my work and creating

new life and stories with it that I can't possibly fathom now. I create what I do to outlive me; that is the goal of all art, from cave paintings till the end of time.

**What's special about Fetish Con in terms of location and/or models?**

Fetish Con for me is like a high school reunion every year. I've been attending since 2007, and I love seeing my friends. It just so happens that my friends like to spend the whole reunion half-naked in latex and corsets, hitting one another with riding crops. Ultimately, though, it's the sense of community and like-minded ideas that keep me going back every year.

**Why did you choose to shoot these particular models?**

The models from this shoot are two of my favorite people in the world. I met them both through Fetish Con, and I shoot them every chance I get. The chemistry between them in my photos is undeniable, and I really just fight to keep up with the show they put on for my camera. I love them both very much, and I love the work we create together.









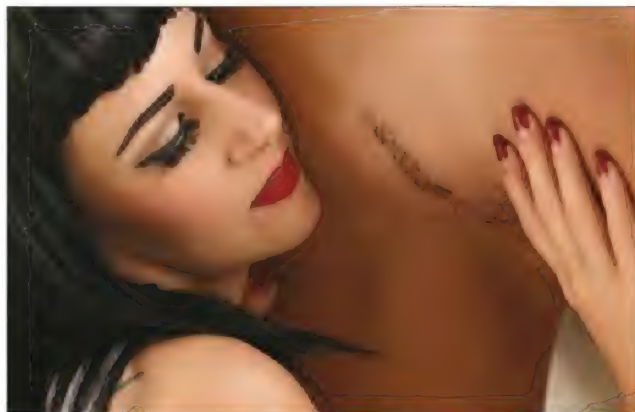




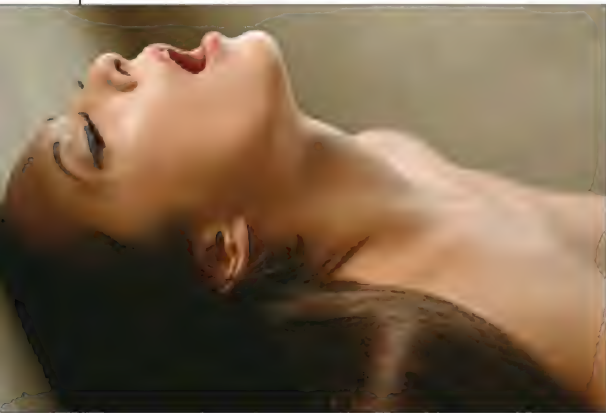


























# STRANGE DAYS

A favorite phrase in the Army comes home with this new *Penthouse* column, reminding us that when it comes to this country's military, we've all got skin in the game.

By Matt Gallagher

**A**merica, we live in strange fucking times. For most of our nation's history, the military was of the people, by the people, for the people. Citizen soldiers and shit.

Plowing the cornfield one month, training to storm the beaches of Normandy the next. They fought not only for the country, but with it. (RIP, Rosie the Riveter.) It wasn't all that long ago—two generations or so—that during wartime young women wouldn't dare to be seen on the street with a young man *not* rocking a service uniform. The shame and embarrassment would've been too much.

The times, though, they've changed. Last time I wore my dress blues out in New York City, for a military ball, some drunk girls asked if my friends and I were Civil War reenactors.

"Sort of," we told them.

This isn't a nostalgia piece, a plea for the way things were. There are some very good reasons the relationship between America and its military has changed since World War II. For one thing, we're fighting small, brush-fire wars against insurgencies now, not massive campaigns against other nation-states. Second, terrorists and fascists, though they share a repressive worldview and an atrocious fashion sense, are not the same. And three, these days, we're an all-volunteer military. That whole Vietnam-draft thing

left a big schism across our national consciousness in the late sixties and early seventies, and it's never really gone away.

Just because the draft wasn't the right answer, however, doesn't mean what we have going on now is. In the opinion of this Iraq vet and former U.S. Army captain, we're betraying our democratic principles and heritage by employing an all-volunteer force that encompasses less than one-half of one percent of our population. Don't take my word for it, either. I'm just some punk columnist. Here's retired General Stanley McChrystal, a certified badass and one-time commander of the Joint Special Operations Command, and later the commander of the whole damn show in Afghanistan: "I think if a nation goes to war, it shouldn't be solely represented by a professional force, because it gets to be unrepresentative of the population.... I think if a nation goes to war, every town, every city, needs to be at risk. You make that decision and everybody has skin in the game."

McChrystal said that in 2012, at the Aspen Ideas Festival. He's since written op-eds outlining a mandatory national service plan, the essence of it being that America's young people don't necessarily need to serve in the armed forces, but they need to serve somewhere, somehow, be it as teachers or Peace Corps volunteers or for the National Park Service. Is it politically viable? Probably not. Is it



During World War II, the entire country was pro-military. The times, though, they've changed, and we don't see scenes like these today.

PHOTOGRAPH BY ALFRED EISENSTAEDT/GETTY IMAGES



logistically sound? Meh, details are for nerds. I do think it's a fascinating thought exercise, though. Where would you serve, dear readers, if citizenship had to be earned in today's America?

A quick note about the title of this new *Penthouse* column: In my experience (modest though it may be), the military is all sorts of good, bad, and ugly. At its best, it's about bringing together a group of hard chargers, giving them limited resources and contradictory orders that only make sense on a PowerPoint slide, and having the mission still somehow get accomplished. No excuses, no whining, no what-ifs or could've or quixotic, meandering bullshit. For a lot of kids, that kind of mentality can be galvanizing, even revolutionary. I know it was for me.

One of my favorite Army-isms, and one that I've brought to my civilian life, is "embrace the suck." The "suck" can be anything: Iraq as a geographical place, war as a metaphysical concept, the late-night patrol assigned at the last minute, the fact that an Iraqi *jundi* just shat all over the brand-new Porta-John because he thought it was a squat toilet. Here at home, it can be the overcrowded subway car, the office manager who's more interested in your daily calendar than actually running the office, the tequila shot that slides down your throat with the rage of a thousand suns.

Basically, the "suck" was and is and will be. It's better to embrace it and make it yours, before it embraces you. Because the suck happens no matter what, and it happens to us all.

I'd like to bring a little of that gritty pragmatism to this column. Because whether you've just retired from 30 years of military service yourself or you've never even met a soldier, you're part of the American war machine. (Well, presuming you pay your taxes. *Tsk-tsk*, tax deadbeats.) Accept it. Own it. Embrace it. It's part of being a member of this here republic.

Having fellow citizens commit violence on our collective behalf—that's a big deal. The Nixonian architects of the all-volunteer force may have designed it partly so the vast majority of society no longer engages with the military and/or American wars, but we don't have to go along with that. Soldiers, marines, sailors, and airmen don't just wear the patch of their respective units when they deploy; they wear the patch of the American




**HAVING FELLOW CITIZENS COMMIT VIOLENCE ON OUR COLLECTIVE BEHALF—THAT'S A BIG DEAL. SOLDIERS, MARINES, SAILORS, AND AIRMEN REPRESENT US ALL. IT'S HIGH PAST TIME TO REMEMBER IT.**



flag. They represent us all.

I'm looking forward to embracing the suck together, *Penthouse* readers. Maybe that will mean looking at how Vietnam-era stereotypes still linger in and around the vets' community. Maybe it will mean taking a look at the police-civilian divide in contemporary America, and how that relates (or doesn't relate) to the military-civilian divide. Or maybe it'll entail a hard-hitting piece determining which *Fleishlight* is favored by deployed service members when they get that much-needed alone time.

Whatever the subject, when it comes to our country's military, we've all got skin in the game, one way or another. It's high past time we remember it. 



# THE LIE THAT LIVES

Amid all the furor about documents that were made public by Edward Snowden, there's been virtually no discussion about whether or not all the secrets he revealed were true. Let's see if we can rectify that mistake.

By Robert Davey

Everything starts with Alex Jimenez and Byron Fouty. Jimenez, 25, and Fouty, 19, were casualties of the Iraq war whose capture was used by U.S. government spin doctors to illustrate their claim that a federal law regulating electronic surveillance put the United States at a disadvantage in the war on terror—a claim that turned out to be highly questionable at best. That claim points forward to statements that appeared in documents released by Edward Snowden, the former National Security Agency contractor who's been accused of treason for leaking classified information, and it points backward, too, to misleading statements by a government whistle-blower named

Thomas Tamm, who leaked apparently erroneous information to a reporter from *The New York Times* in 2004–2005.

It's possible that the ramifications stretch all the way back to 9/11 itself.

What's certain is that the Bush administration used the soldiers' capture as an opportunity to protect telecommunications companies from lawsuits. It's also certain that the big lie about electronic surveillance resurfaces in the Snowden documents.

## THE BACKSTORY

At around 4:45 A.M. on May 12, 2007, the convoy Jimenez and Fouty were traveling in was attacked by insurgents, in an area south of Baghdad nicknamed the Triangle of Death. Four U.S.





ILLUSTRATION BY JASON JOHNSON

troops and one Iraqi were killed, and three Americans were captured. One was found dead shortly afterward; the bodies of Jimenez and Fouty were recovered on July 8, 2008, only after an Iraqi detained by U.S. troops led them to the graves. By that time, the soldiers had played a significant role in the Bush administration's campaign to persuade Congress and the public that a crisis in intelligence collection had created an urgent need to modernize the 1978 Foreign Intelligence Surveillance Act (FISA).

According to Bush administration officials, the search for the soldiers had been hampered by a legal requirement to comply with FISA's provisions because the insurgents' phone calls might travel through electronic switches in the U.S. "Normally, warrants wouldn't be needed to eavesdrop on foreigners in Iraq or elsewhere," the Associated Press reported on August 3, 2007. "However ... the Bush administration believes the government must obtain legal approval to listen in on foreign suspects when their conversations cross into the extensive U.S. communications network."

After the soldiers were captured, there was a nearly ten-hour delay while, on May 15, government lawyers in Washington processed a FISA application and got authority from the attorney

general to continue with the wiretapping. It's not clear how U.S. forces learned the identities and cellphone numbers of the captors so soon, but the delay in getting wiretap authorization bolstered Bush officials' case for modernizing FISA, which they said had something to do with the gradual replacement of satellites by fiber-optic cables.

"Technological changes have brought within FISA's scope communications that we believe the 1978 Congress did not intend to be covered," Director of National Intelligence Mike McConnell said at a May 1 hearing of the Senate Intelligence Committee. He never explained precisely why the law now obliged intelligence officials to get warrants for foreign-to-foreign calls.

### WHAT THE BUSH ADMINISTRATION GOT

The Bush administration's insistence that FISA needed to be modernized produced some positive political fallout. It wrested public attention away from the unrelenting violence in Iraq and onto the war on terror, forever linking the war in Iraq to the 9/11 attacks. It also enabled Bush to keep congressional Democrats on the defensive. In fact, the previous September, *The New York Times* had reported that the Bush team was seeking to "shift the election-year focus from a debate about him and the unpopular war to one about terrorism in general."

News of the 14-month-long search for the two captured soldiers came out in periodic Army press releases: Jimenez's weapon was recovered,

then his identity card and wallet. Unfortunately, the search, which involved some 4,000 soldiers, had its own casualties; two additional soldiers died.

Meanwhile, a law was passed that gave the Bush administration the fix it had requested (but not the immunity that it had requested for telecommunications companies from lawsuits that were being filed against them in the wake of revelations that they had cooperated with the NSA's warrantless wiretapping program). The law, the Protect America Act, was due to expire in only six months, however, and so the administration began to push for the changes introduced by the PAA to be made permanent in a new law. The administration also pushed again for Congress to give telecommunications companies immunity from lawsuits.

Cracks appeared quickly in the administration's story. First, a bunch of experts challenged the notion that foreign-to-foreign phone calls travel thousands of miles away from the shortest route between caller and recipient just to pass through telecommunications switches inside the U.S. "I struggle to imagine why that would happen," said Breck Blalock, who in May 2007 was chief of staff and associate bureau chief of the international bureau of the Federal Communications Commission. "It would



## SEX, POLITICS, AND PROTEST

seem much cheaper for traffic to go directly between carriers in that country, rather than transit the U.S. and go back. Within the data we collect from carriers, there's no indication of that."

If calls did travel so far out of the way, they would use transatlantic fiber-optic cables, which, as Blalock suggested, would cost money. An officer on a ship that repairs transatlantic fiber-optic cables told this reporter, "Routing data across many countries for a domestic transmission only makes sense for a telecom rerouting traffic because of a bottleneck in [its] domestic hardware. Since bandwidth is at a premium, I can't see how it makes financial sense to lease space on another telecom's wire to cross an ocean and back again. [Even if a telecom uses its own wire] they're effectively reducing their capacity if they have to handle the data across oceans and back needlessly."

A specialist who built a telecommunications network in Iraq after the invasion said he could not see an "in-country" call going farther than a Kuwait switching station. Asked if he'd ever known of calls within Iraq being routed to the U.S. and back, Daniel Sudnick, another expert, who oversaw the creation of Iraq's post-invasion telecommunications industry in 2003 and 2004, said, "No. I don't know why anybody would want to do that."

### BOLSTERING THE CASE

More doubts about the Bush administration's wiretapping problems come from a military intelligence regulation, Army Regulation 381-10, which is cited in an article written for military lawyers as a guide to how FISA works. The article in *The Army Lawyer* presents FISA as one tool among several available to military intelligence officers. But the article also sets the limits of FISA's jurisdiction in the world of civilian investigations. The regulation lists many ranks with the authority to initiate electronic surveillance on a non-U.S. person outside the U.S. Since Jimenez's attackers were all non-U.S. persons (i.e., neither U.S. citizens nor U.S. permanent-resident aliens), AR 381-10, which is dated May 3, 2007, would have been adequate to authorize surveillance, without needing FISA.

Apart from the search operation on the ground in Iraq, U.S. forces also had aerial-surveillance assets in the form of electronically equipped aircraft and drones, capable, as Defense Secretary Robert M. Gates explains in his memoir *Duty*, of picking up insurgents' cellphone calls. Executive Order 12333 allows the U.S. to collect information from overhead reconnaissance, as long as the surveillance is not directed at a specific U.S. person.

The drama created by the Bush administration to get the Democratic-controlled Congress to pass the PAA did not let up until July 2008, when Congress passed the FISA Amendments Act (FAA), which finally gave the administration legal immunity for telecoms. But for all the pressure on Congress to pass those laws, electronic surveillance does not seem to have played much of a role in the search for Jimenez, Fouty, and their captors.

### THE SNOWDEN FACTOR

In June 2013, National Security Agency contractor Edward Snowden began releasing classified NSA documents to a few select reporters. The first article published by *The Guardian* that reported on Snowden's leaks carried details of a classified FISA court order to Verizon. *The Guardian* reported that the order required Verizon to give the NSA "information on all telephone calls in its systems." One piece of information requested was the International Mobile Subscriber Identity number, which is unique to cellular networks. However, calls to Verizon established that Verizon Business Network Services, the company targeted by the order, only dealt with Verizon's landline business; the order apparently did not apply to the calling records of its many millions of cellphone customers.

The second *Guardian* story based on Snowden's leaks



George Bush



Former NSA contractor  
Edward Snowden



Bush's Director  
of National  
Intelligence Mike  
McConnell



Alex Jimenez's funeral

described a PowerPoint presentation about Prism, a surveillance program purportedly directed at all the principal American internet companies, including Google, Yahoo, Facebook, and others. The Prism document also has something to say about foreign-to-foreign calls. "It took a FISA court order to collect on foreigners overseas who were communicating with other foreigners overseas simply because the government was collecting off a wire in the United States," Glenn Greenwald and Ewen MacAskill wrote.

This seems to be a recycling of the claims made in 2007, when Bush officials told reporters they needed to go through FISA in order to wiretap Jimenez's and Fouty's captors. The *Army Lawyer* article cites another military regulation that states, "For example, the interception of communications that originate and terminate outside the United States can be conducted from within the United States and still fall under this part"—meaning, the surveillance did not need a FISA warrant.

That regulation has been in force since 1982. A two-volume guide to the history of FISA investigations and prosecutions, published in 2012, notes that the regulation, in its 1982 language, was still in force in August 2007, at the time the PAA was passed, and an NSA spokesman emailed a link to it to this reporter last summer. The regulation's language has apparently not changed in 33 years. Yet Greenwald and MacAskill wrote, based on Snowden's leaked documents, that this is the kind of communication that, prior to the FAA, had indeed needed a FISA warrant.

Both military regulations are designed to work with FISA so that there are no instances in which the regulations allow warrantless surveillance, but FISA requires a warrant. In fact, the introduction to the *Army Lawyer* article positions the Reagan-era regulation as an important supporting pillar for FISA: The regulation "implements" FISA, the article notes. Louis Chiarella, coauthor of the article, said he knew of no instance where the military regulations clashed with FISA.

PHOTOGRAPHS BY (CLOCKWISE FROM TOP LEFT) JEFFREY M. HARRIS/GETTY IMAGES; JEFFREY M. HARRIS/GETTY IMAGES; FRANK FRANKLIN/AP PHOTO



Snowden also released a draft of an NSA inspector general's report on the President's Surveillance Program, but the surveillance, ordered by Bush shortly after 9/11, is of a kind (of targets outside the U.S.) that's always been allowed. The NSA's mission has always been "foreign communications," defined as having at least one end outside the U.S., as then director Lieutenant General Lew Allen testified in Congress in 1975.

The story about warrantless wiretapping by the NSA, which was published by *The New York Times* on December 16, 2005, relied on anonymous sources. One of those sources later risked arrest and indictment by the Bush Justice Department when, in late 2008, he told his story to *Newsweek* investigative reporter Michael Isikoff. The December 22, 2008, issue of the news weekly carried a photo of Thomas Tamm on its cover, and inside, a long story on Tamm by Isikoff.

Tamm told Isikoff that as an official at the Justice Department, he had become concerned that a stream of applications for warrants to wiretap terrorism suspects were being diverted away from the usual path through the Foreign Intelligence Surveillance Court (FISC). Tamm suspected that the warrants were skirting FISA's requirements, allowing surveillance that violated the Fourth Amendment's guarantee of protection against unreasonable search and seizure. He worried over what he had discovered for weeks, until finally, one lunch hour, he called the Washington bureau of *The New York Times*.

Eric Lichtblau and James Risen, authors of the 2005 *New York Times* story on NSA warrantless wiretapping, have not confirmed that Tamm was one of their sources. But Tamm's story is undeniably compelling. In an interview with this reporter, however, Tamm acknowledged that he had told Lichtblau that judges on the FISC were becoming concerned about foreign-to-foreign calls that passed through switches inside the U.S. Some of the judges worried about whether intercepting those calls ought to require FISA warrants.

Tamm said, "I remember Lichtblau saying ... he'd heard the court was concerned whether they had jurisdiction on data ping-pong off the U.S. with the electronic switches—coming to the U.S. from Europe for a millisecond and bouncing back. I was able to confirm to him the court was concerned about this and had asked for legal [guidance] from the department. I did know this was a problem. The FISA court was struggling with its jurisdiction on this matter."

But when asked what language in FISA could ever have been interpreted as needing a warrant for a foreign-to-foreign call, Tamm said he was unable to say.

On December 24, 2005, *The New York Times* ran another story by Lichtblau and Risen. This one reported that more and more foreign-to-foreign calls were being routed through U.S. switches, and it said that judges on the FISC were concerned that they ought to be granting warrants to eavesdrop on those calls. Did Tamm misinform, or at least confuse, the *Times* about the extent of the "foreign-to-foreign" problem? Did he also confuse the paper's reporters about the extent of warrantless wiretapping by the NSA?

## THE TRUTH ABOUT ELECTRONIC SURVEILLANCE

A U.S. District Court judge who served on the FISA court during 2007 agreed to speak to *Penthouse* on background. He stated that the court in 2007 was overwhelmed with requests to do foreign-to-foreign surveillance, saying, "One of the problems was, the FISA court was overloaded with foreign-to-foreign calls." But in a comment that seemed to settle any lingering question about whether or not Bush officials needed to go through FISA before wiretapping the Iraqi insurgents who had captured Jimenez and Fouty, he said, "If you're in a war theater, you don't

## THE SECOND GUARDIAN STORY ABOUT THE SNOWDEN DOCUMENTS RECYCLED THE FALSE 2007 CLAIM ABOUT WIRETAPPING WARRANTS.

the Bush administration no alternative but to modernize FISA. House Republican leader John Boehner told Fox News that a court ruling had forced the government to apply for warrants to do foreign-to-foreign surveillance. Yet the judge's comment appears to mean that the Bush administration decided itself, without a court ruling, to apply for FISA warrants to eavesdrop on foreign-to-foreign communications, then sent McConnell to demand a new law from Democrats in the House and Senate to relieve them of that obligation.

FISA has four paragraphs that together define all the circumstances in which a warrant is required, and even before passage of the PAA, in every one of the four paragraphs, at least one end of the communication always had to be inside the U.S. for a warrant to be required. None of the four could be stretched to cover a call that began and ended outside the U.S. When this was put to the judge, he responded in careful legalese, saying, "I don't necessarily disagree with your reading."

The Bush administration acted as if the authority to wiretap a non-U.S. person outside the U.S. from within the U.S. was new, added by the PAA. This may have served to disguise its ability, before 9/11, to have intercepted and traced calls from Yemen to two of the hijackers who were living in San Diego. President Bush said on December 17, 2005, that those two hijackers "communicated ... to other members of Al Qaeda who were overseas. But we didn't know they were here until it was too late." Regardless of what FISA required inside the U.S., its regulations never extended beyond U.S. shores, and so NSA listening posts abroad could have traced those calls.

## AN ODD POSTSCRIPT

When the Pentagon announced in July 2008 that the remains of Alex Jimenez and Byron Fouty had been found, it said the deaths of the two soldiers were under investigation. The Army's Criminal Investigation Command report into the attack, dated July 14, 2009, includes a list of documents, one of which raises questions: It's a CD labeled as "original images" of the Armed Forces Institute of Pathology's examination of Jimenez's and Fouty's remains, and dated May 16, 2007—only four days after their abduction. Christopher Grey, the CID chief of public affairs, said of the CD of photos, "I was informed that was an administrative error." When asked for more details, Grey said he would research the matter further. As we were going to press, he sent an email that read (in part), "The photos are of disassociated remains/tissue of soldiers killed during the same attack that involved [Jimenez and Fouty].... [The remains] were inadvertently mislabeled.... The case file is currently being corrected."<sup>14</sup>

have to ask a court for permission to do surveillance."

Nevertheless, the judge at first asserted that before the Protect America Act was passed, in August 2007, FISA required a warrant to intercept a foreign-to-foreign call inside the U.S. The reason for this, he said, was that the government and the legal departments of the telecoms had interpreted the FISA statute to mean that warrants were needed to eavesdrop on those calls inside the U.S.

But Director of National Intelligence Mike McConnell told the Senate Intelligence Committee on May 1, 2007, that changes in telecommunications left



# CARNAL KNOWLEDGE

Whether you're looking for tips to improve your performance between the sheets, answers to a question or two, or help with an issue you can't take to even your most trusted friend, our expert can help. It's time to get schooled.

By Martin Downs, MPH



## ALL IN

***My girlfriend wants me to fist her, but I'm worried this could stretch out her vagina permanently, and that my penis won't be enough to satisfy her anymore. Does that ever happen?***

If you don't know, vaginal fisting, also known as "handballing" and "fist-fucking," involves inserting a whole hand into a vagina. Women who like to be fisted say the pleasure they get from it is beyond compare. Those who like to fist say the feeling of being wrist-deep in a cunt is awesome.

Vaginal fisting is a favorite sex act for many lesbian and bisexual women, but it's practically unknown to most heterosexual couples. That's probably because when women have sex with women, the concerns you raise don't come into play.

The fears of "ruining" a pussy and upstaging a penis are understandable, but wrong. They're based on two very common misconceptions about sex. One is that the vagina is like a rub-

ber tube that can become less elastic and lose its shape if stretched too much. It's actually a tunnel of muscles. The vagina widens when the muscles relax, and narrows when the muscles contract. Vaginal muscles can get out of shape, in the sense of losing strength and tone. But they do not stretch out, and the vagina does not permanently adapt to the size of the biggest thing it has accommodated.

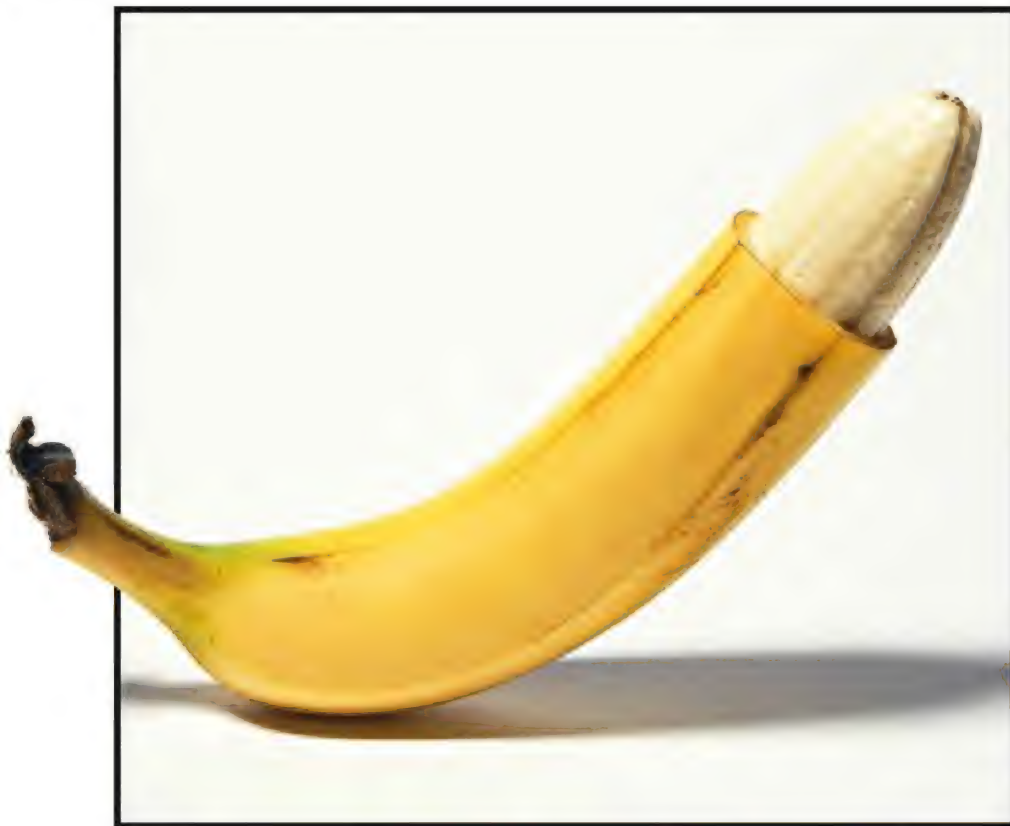
The other misconception is that a dick is a magic wand, with the power to do anything and everything. There is no magic in a penis that gives a woman sexual pleasure and satisfaction. She may get off with a penis—or with something else. If she wants something bigger than your penis in her cunt, that doesn't mean your penis

isn't good enough. It's possible for her to like both.

For guys, it's comparable to anal sex. Fucking a woman's ass is excellent. It's different from a pussy, and in some ways, sometimes, much better. But even guys who love anal don't stop wanting or enjoying pussy. Liking one thing doesn't preclude liking other things.

I'd encourage you to find out more about vaginal fisting. There isn't a lot of information out there, but all you need to know is in the book *A Hand in the Bush: The Fine Art of Vaginal Fisting*, by Deborah Addington. It's not only informative, but surprisingly erotic. The author writes so passionately about her love of fisting, she may just sell you on it.





# CUTTING QUESTION

***I heard that uncircumcised men should consider getting circumcised for health reasons. I'm not circumcised, and I've never seriously considered getting snipped. Are the health benefits really worth it?***

Last December, the Centers for Disease Control and Prevention issued a recommendation stating, "All uncircumcised adolescent and adult males who engage in heterosexual sex should be informed about the significant, but partial, efficacy of male circumcision in reducing the risk of acquiring HIV and some STIs [sexually transmitted infections] through heterosexual sex, as well as the potential harms of male circumcision."

In clinical trials conducted with adult and teenage males living in sub-Saharan Africa, those who volunteered to be circumcised were 50 to 60 percent less likely to be infected

with HIV through vaginal sex, 30 to 45 percent less likely to get genital herpes—herpes simplex virus type 2 (HSV-2)—and 30 percent less likely to be infected with the strains of human papillomavirus (HPV) that can cause cancer in women, as well as some cancers of the penis, anus and rectum, and throat.

The CDC says you should also know that circumcision "has not been shown to reduce the risk of HIV or STIs during oral or anal sex," and does not protect female partners against HIV.

As for the risks, the CDC notes that after having the operation, you wouldn't be able to have sex until your


penis heals fully (without saying how long that could be). About two to four percent of men and teens choosing to get circumcised will suffer complications—the most common being "pain, bleeding, infection, and unsatisfactory postsurgical appearance."

Here's what I have to say. Condoms, dude. That's the number-one solution to concerns about your health when you're sexually active. If you have sex with lots of women, or with a woman who is HIV-positive or is at high risk for HIV (for example, if she has lots of other sex partners, shoots up, has sex for money, or lives in an area with a high HIV rate), you should be using a condom every time. Consistent condom use reduces the risk of HIV infection by more than 80 percent. That's only an estimate for "consistent" use; there are no reliable data on consistent and "correct" condom use. Using condoms correctly no doubt raises the level of protection. If you really want to protect yourself from HIV and STIs, condoms are more effective than circumcision, and they protect your partners, too.

As for the genital-herpes virus (HSV-2), half of the adult population in the United States already has the virus, and it's commonly passed on by oral sex. Circumcision hasn't been shown to reduce the risk of getting STIs from oral sex.

And HPV? Circumcision cuts your risk by 30 percent. That's a nice benefit for anyone who doesn't already enjoy near-100 percent protection via the HPV vaccine. Boys and young men up to age 21 are now routinely vaccinated for HPV. Although doctors don't usually offer the vaccine to older men, you could ask for it.

In my opinion, HIV and STI risks are not the most important considerations. First and foremost, think about what your foreskin is worth to you. Do you like your foreskin? Does it benefit you in any way? Does it ever bother you? Is it possible that you'd miss it? I can't help you there. Like many American males my age, I was circumcised in the hospital right after birth. I admit to being biased against circumcision because I have foreskin envy. It's a part of the penis that all human males are born with, and that most men in the world have. I wish I knew what it's like, but I never will.

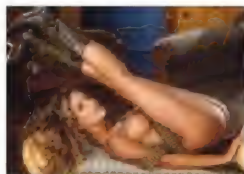
Maybe the foreskin is a nuisance, and a circumcised penis really is the better, healthier penis. Just remember, once your foreskin is gone, you can't get it back. 





# TASHA REIGN

## 26 Random Facts About Me That Few People Know



**Almost two decades after appearing in *Penthouse* as the June 1993 Pet of the Month, I started writing for the magazine in the hope that one day I could profile my fellow Pets in my very own column. My dream has finally come true!**

**By Sam Phillips**

**P**enthouse recently threw a huge 50th brand-anniversary bash in Las Vegas, at the Foundation Room in the House of Blues at the Mandalay Bay, announcing the new line of Penthouse Wines and Spirits. I was working the red carpet for Penthouse TV, grabbing interviews with guests.

May 2011 Pet of the Month Tasha Reign and 2014 Pet of the Year Lexi Belle were also at the party, posing for photo-booth-style pictures with fans, and had guests lined up across the room to get their keepsakes.

Tasha and I kept in touch when we got back to Los Angeles, and have hung out

several times as friends. She is multitasked, supersmart, and a total sweetheart, so it's no surprise she's made her mark on the adult industry. She's a former Hooters girl and reality-TV star (season three of MTV's *Laguna Beach: The Real Orange County*) turned exotic dancer, glamour model, porn star, sex columnist, animal-rights activist, public speaker, and radio host.

Tasha pens, directs, and produces her own films for her production company, Reign Productions, and shoots exclusive content for TashaReign.com. If you're lucky, you can catch her this summer, dancing at the new Penthouse Club in Perth, Australia.

1. My nickname is "Chinch," short for chinchilla. I used to sing along to the Snoop Dogg song "Drop It Like It's Hot," and there's a lyric in there, "like chinchilla in the heat." I used to rap to it every day with all my girlfriends.
2. I am extremely temperamental so I require a lot of maintenance. Eight hours is the regular amount of sleep I get, but I prefer to sleep in and luxuriously get nine to ten hours. I have nights when I almost don't sleep at all from traveling/feature dancing/partying, and the next day I sleep all day.
3. Growing up, I wanted to become either a fashion designer, president of the United States, or an archaeologist.
4. I love listening to Pandora when I'm driving. I like to feel connected to people through music. It transcends every difference we feel we have as humans.
5. My guilty pleasures are Chipotle (the burrito bowl with all the toppings) and In-N-Out (the grilled cheese with special sauce), fries, and Dr Pepper. Also, luxurious sweatpants, such as Beach Bunny Swimwear and Juicy Couture.






6. My 4.3-pound puppy named Cinderella makes me smile. She's a Chihuahua mixed with a micro-poodle, and she's chocolate brown and perfect.
7. When I'm happy I smile a lot, and feel whole, and peaceful, and I am very appreciative every day of my life here on Earth.
8. My obsession? Kim Kardashian. Enough said.
9. My dad was a real-estate developer and owned many restaurants and affordable-housing projects. My mom was an interior decorator, and an extremely talented one at that.
10. I was spoiled growing up. My first car was a black Mercedes-Benz convertible. It was shiny and pretty, and I made a mess of the inside. I constantly battle my hoarding tendencies!
11. My first job was at a restaurant of my father's in Laguna Beach, California, as a hostess. I was constantly late, so I had to leave. On the upside, there was a candy shop across the street.
12. I love to eat, so I have to work it off, but I'm not a gym fan. I need the outdoors and group activities to get me in the mind-set. I love-love-love Pilates, cardio-barre, yoga, and hiking Runyon Canyon to get my sweat on.
13. My favorite food is vegan gourmet. I love veggie grill and native foods. Because I love animals I have been a vegetarian for eight years, and I hope to one day be a vegan.
14. My favorite place in the whole wide world to chill out is Big Sur, in Northern California. If you ever get a chance, go. It's so peaceful and beautiful, and full of love and light, and you can certainly find your "chill" there.
15. I'm the Twitter whore of the adult industry. Twitter enables me to connect with my fans on a very intimate level, and to get their thoughts on life and what is going on. Follow me, @tashareign.
16. I named my puppy after my second-favorite Disney princess, Cinderella. My first favorite is Aurora from *Sleeping Beauty*, but I just could not give my first daughter that name.








17. My all-time favorite film will always be *Clueless*. I remember idolizing Cher growing up; she's just everything I wanted to be: blonde, busty, smart, a leader, and a fashionista.
18. My favorite book series is *Sleeping Beauty* by Anne Rice. It makes *Fifty Shades of Grey* look silly and tame. *Sleeping Beauty* is extremely intense and imaginative, a true must-read.
19. My favorite model is Candice Swanepoel. She is just plain stunning. I love her athletic body and striking eyes. I got into the adult industry because of my adoration for modeling. I think of my job as mostly modeling, and I'm pretty photo obsessed. I love capturing one moment in time and telling a story.
20. The first concert I ever attended was Jimmy Buffet. It was crazy and way too wild for a little seventh grader, but my mom is liberal and fun and thought it was a good idea. I was probably the youngest person there, besides my little sister.

21. Spencer Scott is one of my best friends, and I would love to do a layout with her. We have great chemistry, and she's beautiful on the inside and outside. I spend all my fun moments with her. We almost have too much fun when we are together.
22. I've always wanted to go to Bora Bora and stay in one of those exotic little huts on the water. That sounds so great to me, just drifting to the ocean, listening to music, and sipping on a Piña Colada.
23. Christmas is my favorite holiday season because it's a time that brings everyone together. It can help people bond and mend rocky relationships, family and friends unite, and you can smell it in the air. Plus, there's the holiday drinks and flavors ... drool!
24. My favorite quote is, "It's not the years in your life that count, it's the life in your years," from Abraham Lincoln.
25. Greece is my favorite vacation spot, hands down. I took a two-month trip to Europe last summer, and spent an entire month in Greece, just island hopping and reading and thinking and loving myself. I am all about self-love on many levels.
26. I just launched [TashasPets.com](http://TashasPets.com), and I want everyone to visit it to see my new sexy calendar. Purchase one and I will personally sign it for you! All proceeds go to the Animal Rescue Alliance and Farm Sanctuary. 

 Tasha Reign  
xoxo





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Photographs by Davide Esposito





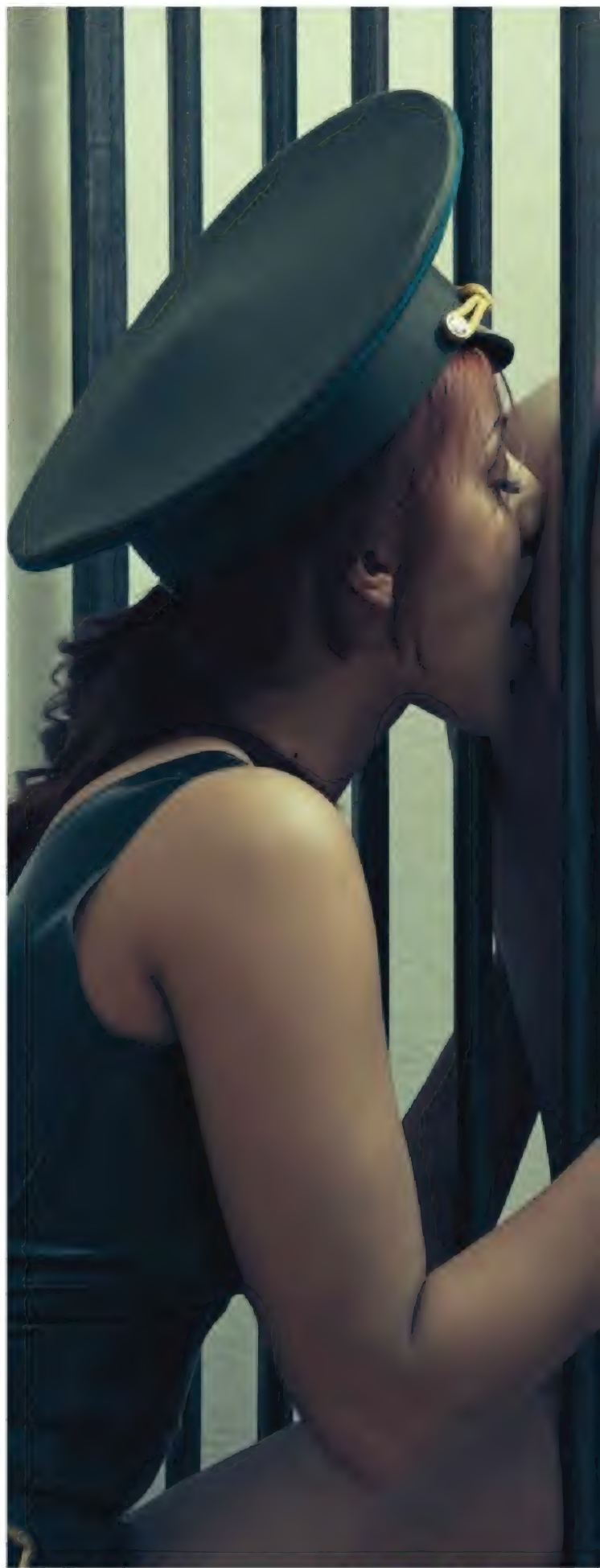




Tensions in the penitentiary can run high, and sometimes Bella has to put Aylin in her place. The wicked warden loves her job, and pushes her prisoner to submit to her every demand.



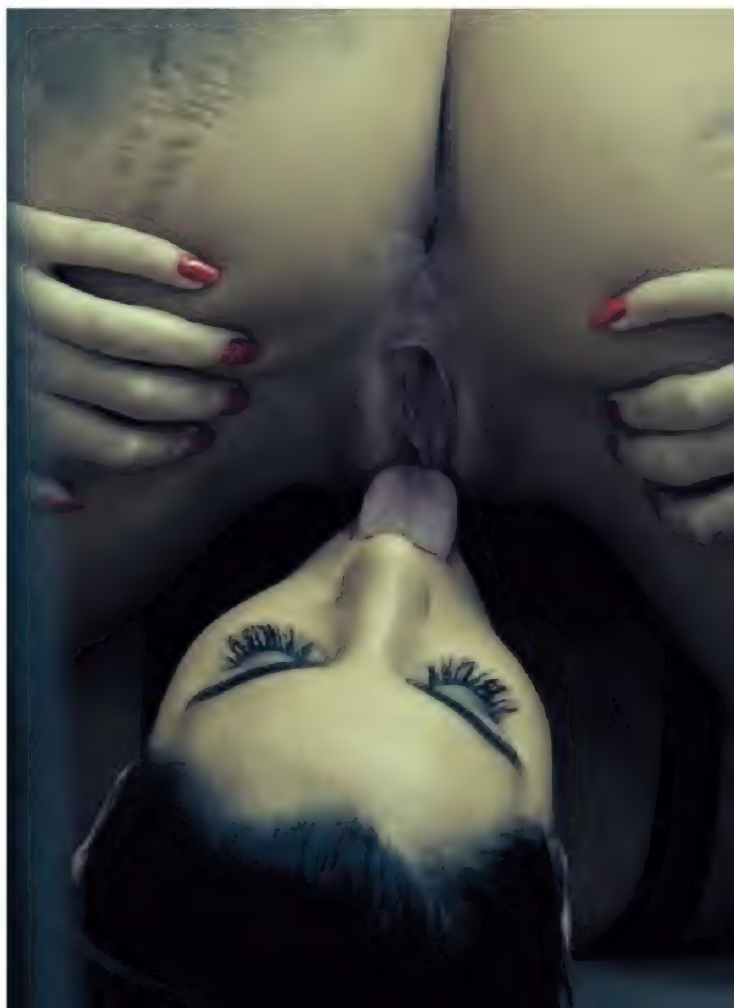




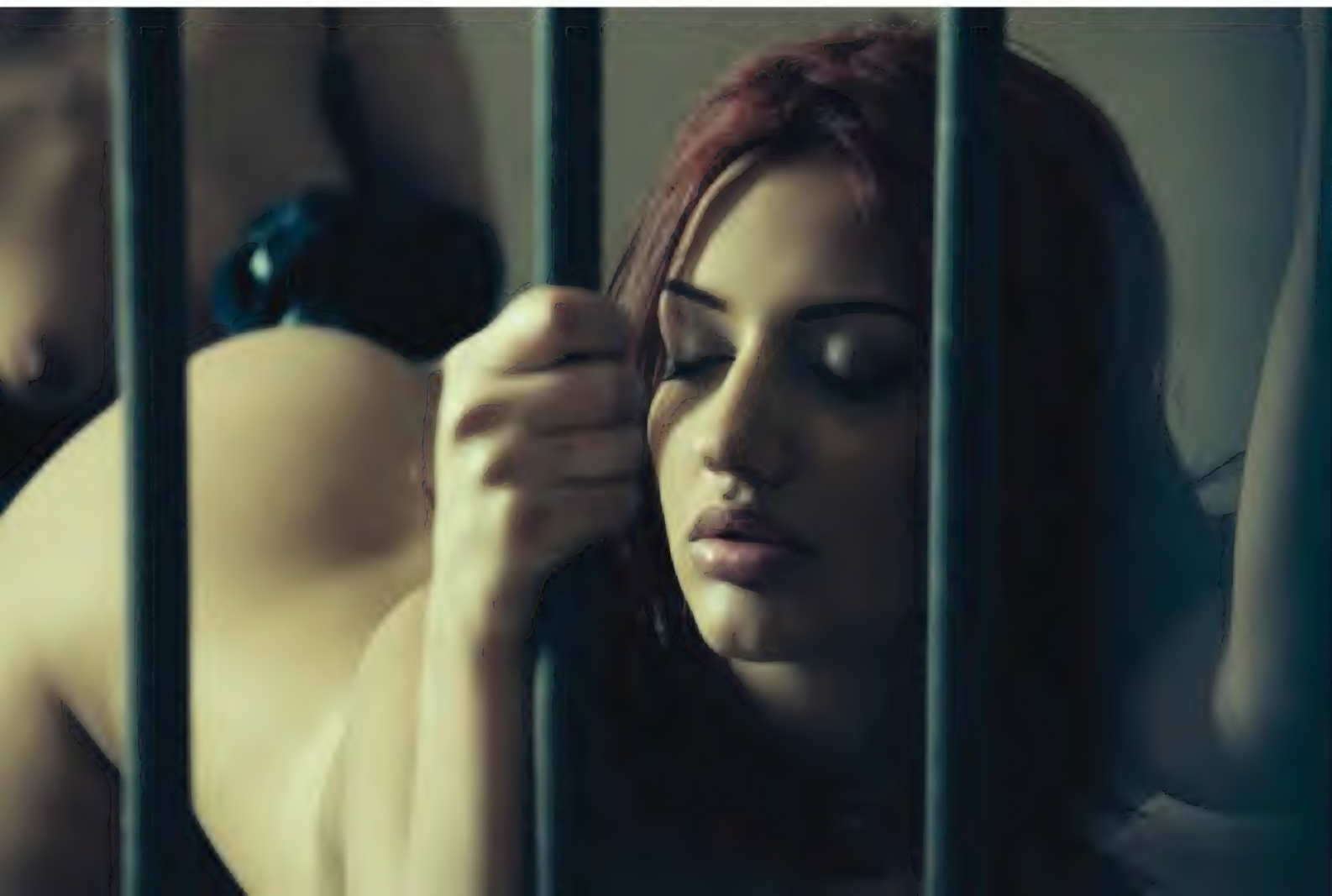




Aylin works hard to please her mistress, hoping that her very bad behavior will earn her time off for good behavior. Bella rewards her with time in the hole, just what Aylin deserves—and desires.









Nothing gets Bella hotter than toying with her inmates in the big dollhouse. With so many women in close quarters, something's got to give. And Aylin gives Bella everything she needs, no matter how filthy.









Aylin has let Bella thoroughly work her over, and feels satisfied that she's well on her way to rehabilitation. Bella revels in a job well done—but has no intention of letting her cell-block sister escape her clutches any earlier than she has to.

**SEE MORE OF BELLA & AYLIN AT [PENTHOUSE.COM](http://PENTHOUSE.COM).**





## The Old Bridge

When my mom broke her arm and had to have surgery to pin it in place, I took the first plane I could get back there. Nine years had passed since I'd graduated high school and left, but the small town always looked the same. My mother said she was fine and scolded me for making such a fuss over nothing, but I knew she was glad I'd come home. I fixed dinner and cleaned up, only to find her ready to go to bed at 7:30, which left me stuck watching a movie that I'd seen countless times.

The next evening, I told my mother I was going to see if I could run into any of my old friends. I drove past one of the three bars in town and saw a total of three cars in the parking lot, so I headed over to another one. That lot was full.

The place was packed, but I didn't see anyone I recognized. I was working on my second beer, still scanning the crowd for a familiar face, when a man said, "Is that my old friend Kim?"

It took me a moment to recognize Ethan, even though we'd dated when I was 15. He was the third guy I'd gone out with, and I remembered him respecting my wishes when I told him to keep his hands above my waist when we parked on the old river bridge. (The first two guys had told me to get out when I told them the same thing, so I'd walked to the nearest house and called my dad to come get me, making him quite proud of me.)

Ethan and I tried to talk, but the music was too loud. He asked if I'd like to go someplace else. I suggested he follow me over to my mom's house so I could drop off my car and we could just ride around for a while.

We spent an hour catching up, then I said I'd buy a six-pack if he'd like to drive out and drink it on the old bridge, if it was still there.

Twenty minutes later, we were parked on the bridge with the windows down, listening to the water rippling downstream. We had a great conversation while drinking two beers each, then I said, "God, we were so young the last time we were here. But I thought so much of you when you respected my wishes."

He said, "Why any guy that age wouldn't feel honored and happy to get to kiss and fondle your lovely breasts is beyond me. Thank you again for allowing me to do that. I felt



**Ethan kissed, nuzzled, and caressed my aching tits, sending hot surges of blood to my pussy. Finally, I pulled free of his arms and said, "Fuck me, Ethan. Please. I need it."**

like I was on top of the world."

I slid beside him and asked if he would like to feel them now that I've matured, turning to face him and placing his hand on my breast. I was wearing a thin cotton top with a lacy bra, so I'm sure he got a good feel of my soft globe. He kneaded it slowly as he pulled me close with his free arm, and we spent the next 20 minutes making out pretty much the same way we did the last time we went to the bridge.

My top was pushed up above my breasts and my unhooked bra hung loosely off my shoulders as Ethan kissed, nuzzled, and caressed my aching tits, alternately suckling my nipples and sending hot surges of blood to my pussy.

Finally, I pulled free of his arms to lie across the seat of his truck, hooking my left leg over the back of the seat and bracing my right foot against the steering column and saying, "Fuck me, Ethan. Please. I need it."

Ethan opened his fly to release his cock as he lay above me. His glans

parted my slippery labia the instant our genitals made contact. There was considerable pressure followed by a steady fullness as he slowly sank his oversize organ into my depths. It seemed like he wouldn't ever get it all inside me, but at last I felt his hot balls press against my asshole. He paused considerably to allow me to adapt to his size.

I think I could have reached orgasm just having his lovely erection stretching the sheath of my vagina, but he began thrusting slowly, dragging the top of his shaft over my swollen clitoris. This set off a quick climax that sent waves of pleasure through my body. He picked up the pace, fucking me hard until we came within seconds of each other.

We spent two more hours screwing that night, with Ethan getting off four more times. I climaxed so often I lost track. After that, Ethan came by and picked me up at each night I was there. We spent 17 nights knocking the dust out of that old bridge.

—K.G., Georgia



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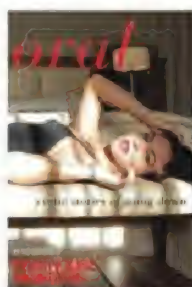
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## All Tied Up

I pulled Lizzie's stockings off and used them to tie her feet to the bedposts. Her hands were already bound with my tie and belt, so she wasn't going anywhere for a while. I studied her as I walked around the bed, checking the bindings once more. Her nipples were erect and her pussy was wet with her juices. She was biting her lip, too, which is a dead giveaway that she's aroused. I'm always amazed by how hot she gets just from being tied up.

She struggled a bit, just for show, then relaxed as she watched me strip for her. Once I was naked, I climbed onto the bed with her and straddled her chest, putting my dick right in front of her face. I ordered her to suck me off—something else she loves—and she lifted her head and quickly pulled my dick between her lips.

She couldn't move much, but she still gave me a mind-blowing blowjob. The way she uses her lips and tongue—*damn!* She grazed my cock with her teeth a few times, really turning me on, and took me as deep as she could a few times, too. That was all it took to get me ready for more, and when I pulled back she seemed as upset about the blowjob being cut short as I was.

Her disappointment didn't last long. I was between her legs in a heartbeat, teasing her by rubbing my hard dick up and down her slit. I dragged my cockhead back and forth along her dewy lips, making her moan and gasp and beg for me, and when I knew she couldn't take any more teasing, I thrust inside her.

She gasped as my dick plunged into her, but when I didn't start thrusting, she groaned in annoyance. I waited and waited, until she tried to buck against me. That's when I knew I had her right where I wanted her. She couldn't do anything to pleasure herself in her current position, but she tried for a good minute before giving up and begging me to fuck her.

I thrust hard and fast, slamming my hips against hers and driving my cock deep inside her slick channel over and over. She gasped and moaned the whole time, constantly begging me to do it harder and faster. And I did. I fucked her with all I had,

banging into her so hard I thought the bed was going to break.

When she came it was explosive, and I felt her juices drench me before dripping down to the mattress. I wasn't far behind, and all it took was another minute of furious fucking before I added my cream to the growing puddle on the bed.

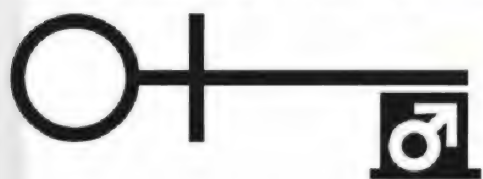
Afterward, I untied her, lay down next to her, and fell asleep. I was tempted to go for round two, but I knew we'd play our kinky game again soon enough.—*T.H., Washington, D.C.*



**Lizzie's nipples were erect and her pussy was wet with her juices. I'm always amazed by how hot she gets just from being tied up.**



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## Take a Hike

Some people like sitting on the couch with limited movement, but not me. I'm an active man. Name any outdoor activity and I've tried it. When my friends suggested we go hiking, I

**I relished the feeling of Rebecca riding my cock, with her warm juices coating my shaft as her tits bounced.**



was ready for action. I loaded my backpack with the basics: rations, a water bladder, compass and maps, a first-aid kit and other safety gear, warm and waterproof clothing, et cetera. I figured some people wouldn't be prepared, so I threw in extra supplies and clothing.

We headed out bright and early on a rocky hike with breathtaking views, but the most gorgeous sight was my friend's sister Rebecca. Her tight tank top hugged her generous breasts, and her long, toned legs led up to short-shorts that showed off her ass cheeks. I couldn't keep my eyes off her.

"What are you gawking at?" she asked over her shoulder.

"The view is gorgeous from here," I answered.

Rebecca stopped and waited for me to catch up to her. "My brother warned me about you," she said, inching closer to me.

"Do you believe everything your brother tells you?" I asked, staring into her sparkling blue eyes.

She leaned back with one hand on her hip and literally kicked some dirt on my boots. This girl was going to be a challenge. Well, I was up for a challenge.

We hiked for a couple of hours, and instead of watching my step, I had my dick on the prize. Rebecca's tight ass swayed back and forth, putting me into a boner trance. Since my eyes were glued to Rebecca, I failed to notice a fallen tree branch and it sent me flying. I landed flat on my ass. Well, my backpack and my ass.

The noise made Rebecca turn around. Concern was apparent on her face as she dashed to my side. I tried getting up but felt a piercing pain in my ankle.

"Are you okay, Doug?" she asked, scooting down beside me. I winced in pain, but tried to man up.

"I'll be fine," I said, downplaying things. She told the other hikers to go on without us.

Rebecca kicked into nurse mode, checking the swelling and assessing any damage. Her touch was electrifying. I wondered if she also felt the heat building between us. I took a chance and made my move, catching her hand and linking my fingers with hers, then nestled my face in her neck. She didn't flinch or demand me to stop. I was in!

Next, I snaked my fingers up her long slender leg. Our eyes locked as my fingers edged inside her shorts, all the way up to her cotton panties.

She sat there, silently daring me to proceed. I pulled down her shorts and panties, then removed them with some help from her.

I traced her smooth mound, instantly feeling her wetness. Two fingers took the plunge. I probed her warm hole while she moaned in delight, and in no time my fingers were drenched with her juices. But why should my fingers have all the fun? I stripped off my pants and underwear, and damn if my boner wasn't ready to spring into action. My ankle was throbbing, but my dick throbbed for Rebecca's luscious pussy even harder.

Rebecca grabbed her backpack and pulled out one of those silver emergency shelters and laid it on the ground. I watched in awe as she stripped off her tank top, removed her sports bra, and released a gorgeous set of tits. Then she crawled over to me like a slinky, sexy jaguar.

I grabbed her beautiful face and our tongues meshed together. As we eagerly kissed, her delicate hands captured my dick. She stroked and caressed my rock-hard cock as I fondled her lovely tits. Since my injury hindered my mobility, I stayed on my back while Rebecca climbed aboard.

At first Rebecca was gentle with me. She slithered her moist pussy against my shaft, her movements driving me crazy. I needed to be inside her! She took control of the situation again, capturing my dick in her hands and shoving it into her sweet, creamy hole. I relished the feeling of her riding my cock, with her warm juices coating my shaft as her tits bounced.

"Fuck yeah!" I groaned when she sped up the pace. I grabbed her tight ass, pushing my dick deeper inside her.

"Make me come!" she demanded. I rammed my cock into her pussy and reached between us for her clit, urgently trying to grant her wish.

"Come for me, baby," I encouraged, watching Rebecca get ready to lose control. Suddenly I felt her body convulse and quiver in ecstasy. While she erupted, I pumped her drenched pussy until I was about to come. As I got to my breaking point, I pulled out and hosed her belly with my load.

We ended up staying there all afternoon, curled up together under the shelter. When the rest of the group came back down the trail, Rebecca's brother freaked out. I yelled, "Take a hike," as Rebecca fondled my balls. —D.S., Vermont



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## Run to You

My coworker Diane asked me if I wanted to train for a marathon with her. Since I am not much of a runner (you try running with D-cup boobs!), I was resistant. Eventually, she convinced me that running is a healthy and exhilarating way to keep in shape. And I do take pride in keeping fit. My workout regimen usually includes some light weight lifting, squats, sit-ups, and the elliptical. My past lovers have all appreciated my physique.

I figured running would add some extra excitement to my life. Instead of exercising indoors, I could take in some fresh air and enjoy the scenery, both nature and guys flexing their muscles. Diane encouraged me to set a strict schedule, adopt a healthy diet, and to wake up at the crack of dawn. I'm not much of a morning person, but she assured me that once I got used to moving my body in the early hours I would crave the sensation. I rolled my eyes, but told her I would give this new routine a try.

To my surprise, within a few weeks I did feel a difference. My entire attitude felt clearer and more positive, and my body was even better than before. Diane was great company, too, keeping pace with me, always pushing my limits.

One morning when Diane and I were stretching outside before our run, my eyes landed on her cleavage. Diane didn't have large boobs, maybe a B-cup, but her tight shirt really accentuated the perkiness of her breasts. Why hadn't I ever noticed Diane's beauty? I guess some women don't want to recognize another woman's allure, feeling at risk of finding fault in their own. However, since I don't have insecurities like that, I could really take in Diane.

"Wow, you've got some gorgeous calves," I complimented Diane.

"Thanks, why don't you feel them for yourself," Diane said with a twinkle in her eye. Was she flirting with me? I smirked back. I ran my hand down her toned calf. She felt silky smooth and seemed to enjoy my touch. As though my fingers had a mind of their own, they moved up to her camel toe,



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drawn like a magnet to Diane's lady parts. I began to massage the fabric that encased her secret garden.

"Jackie!" Diane gasped, making me flinch. I yanked my hand away.

"I'm so sorry. I'm not sure what came over me," I said. I couldn't look her in the eye. I started jogging in place to try to break the awkwardness. I'd never made a move on a woman! What had I just done?

Diane placed her hands on my shoulders, stopping my movements. Then she playfully patted me on my butt. I followed suit and tapped her ass back. We giggled, lightening the mood. Then it was Diane's turn to surprise me. She leaned in closer and reached for my boobs. I didn't stop her when she cupped and caressed them. Then, to my amazement, Jackie pulled my shirt over my head, leaving me standing outside on a quiet running trail with my industrial-strength sports bra on.

**Diane arched her pelvis toward my face. "Eat my pussy," she begged. She looked gorgeous sprawled out waiting for me.**

I was too nervous to continue outside, and asked Diane to come back to my apartment. She readily agreed.

As I drove home, I worried that the moment had passed, and the exploration I was so excited about wouldn't happen. But Diane pulled in behind me, and I knew from the smile she gave me as she walked up that we were going to have no problem getting back in the groove.

Once we were inside, I unhooked my bra, totally aroused, but still not really sure what was about to unfold. All I knew was that I was at the point of no return.

Too horny to think straight, I watched Diane take hold of one of my breasts and lick her way up to my stiff nipple. The sensual suckling made my tender pussy ache and my panties wet. While she pleased and teased my nips, I fondled her tits, discovering she was now sans bra. What a great set of boobs.

The heat turned up even more when Diane pushed aside my running



shorts and sticky panties to slip her fingers inside me. I moaned as she finger-fucked me, reaching my climax in no time once she found my magic button.

Diane still had me under her spell when she led me to the nearby couch. She removed her running sneakers, workout pants, and silky panties, lay down, and arched her pelvis toward my face. Even though her fingers had just gotten me off, I wasn't sure if I should dive in.

"Eat my pussy," she begged. Well, I did owe her one, plus she looked gorgeous sprawled out waiting for me. I eased myself toward her engorged bud. My tongue circled her pussy lips, then I became a little braver. Her sweet nectar was intoxicating. I flicked her clit, and I must have been doing something right because she kept grinding her mound on my face. I was drenched with her juices, and Diane's entire body trembled and shook when she got to her breaking point.

After we cooled off we went for our morning run, our steamy scene running through my head all the while. I couldn't wait to get Diane back to my shower.—J.C., Oklahoma

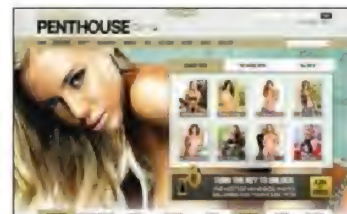
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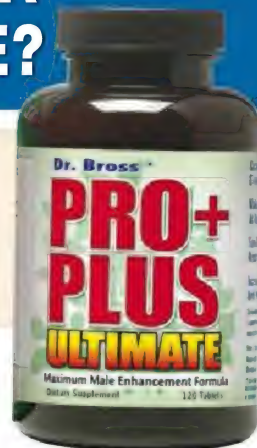
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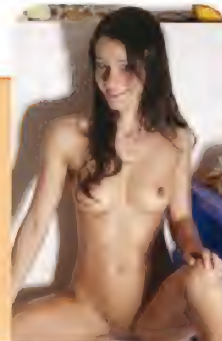
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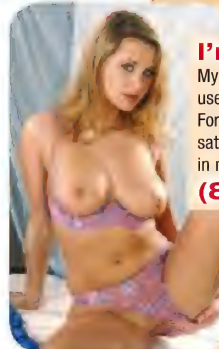
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# DETONATING THE GLASS CEILING

In praise of Kathryn Bigelow, director of *Point Break*, *The Hurt Locker*, and *Zero Dark Thirty*—and the most badass woman in Hollywood.

By John Bolster

**K**athryn Bigelow isn't *actually* a Norse goddess sent to our world to blaze a trail for women auteurs in Hollywood; she just seems like one. Her pulsating, often testosterone-heavy action films—conceived with a painterly eye and a canny knack for balancing art and commerce—have won her a unique platform in Tinseltown, one she's used to defy genre conventions and produce an interestingly varied body of work.

The statuesque, noble-cheekboned director first turned heads in 1987 with *Near Dark*, a neo-vampire film that featured Bill Paxton tearing hungrily (literally) into the role of lead villain. It didn't do much at the box office, but it gradually won a cult following for its ass-kicking, Western-accented rejuvenation of a stale genre.

Two years later, Bigelow launched a trilogy of films that would establish her place on the A-list—movies with equal amounts of mainstream box-office appeal and distinctive, offbeat vision. The first of these was *Blue Steel*, which—before it became a go-to pose for Derek Zoolander—was an uneven but stylish thriller starring Jamie Lee Curtis as a rookie cop stalked by Ron Silver's psychopathic Wall Street broker.

She followed that up with *Point Break*, a 1991 heist flick about bank-robbing surfers that—well, we could devote an entire essay to praising its unique charms. More than faintly ridiculous, it's nevertheless highly re-watchable (and ultimately pretty great, if you just go with it) for the chance to revel in Patrick Swayze's Philosophy 101 musings as Bodhi, who finances his global pursuit of the perfect wave with a series of bank robberies, as well as Bigelow's gorgeous surfing and action sequences. It's also chock-full of quotable lines ("Little hand says it's time to rock 'n' roll"), and, of course, it features Keanu "Whoa" Reeves, perfectly cast as the ludicrously named Johnny Utah.

The third entry in this career-making run was 1995's *Strange Days*, a dystopian science-fiction film set in a near future in which an ever-widening wealth gap is presided over by a police state. Starring Ralph Fiennes and Angela Bassett, the movie was over-the-top in every way, but some of its social commentary still resonates 20 years later.

Having made her mark, Bigelow was poised to hit some career high points. Enter former freelance journalist Mark Boal, who had been embedded with U.S. troops in Iraq in 2004 and subsequently wrote a magazine article and a screenplay about bomb-defusing experts. Bigelow signed on to coproduce and direct the screenplay, titled *The Hurt Locker*, and the finished product—a tense, taut look at the high-wire lives of Explosive Ordnance Disposal crews—won six Academy Awards, including the Oscars for Best Picture, Best Original Screenplay, and Best Director.

Believe it or not, this made Bigelow the first woman in the history of the Academy Awards (which began in 1929) to win the



On the *Point Break* set with Patrick Swayze and Keanu Reeves



Behind the scenes on *Zero Dark Thirty*

Best Director trophy. The gossip pages got some mileage out of the fact that she beat out James Cameron—her husband from 1989 to '91—for the Oscar, but Bigelow stuck to the high road whenever queried about that particular footnote to her historic achievement.

She showed similar poise during the firestorm of controversy that erupted following her next project, 2012's *Zero Dark Thirty*, another collaboration with Boal. That feature, a fictionalization of the decade-long search for Osama bin Laden, included several disturbing scenes depicting CIA torture of terrorist suspects. Heated reactions flew in from all sectors of the political spectrum, with some alleging the film was propaganda for the Obama administration (which commanded the bin Laden takedown), others alleging the movie was pro-torture, and still others making the exact opposite argument. There were also charges that the filmmakers received unauthorized access to classified materials.

In the midst of the crossfire—and with the possibility of being called before Congress hanging over her head—Bigelow remained impressively unruffled. See YouTube for her appearance on *The Colbert Report* during this period: She's calm, measured, and easygoing while answering a number of questions that, even though they're volleyed by Colbert's comic alter ego, are genuinely hard-nosed. It was just one of many examples from her nearly four-decade-long career in which Bigelow's badass bona fides were on bold display. **A—**



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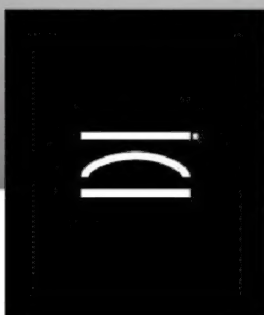
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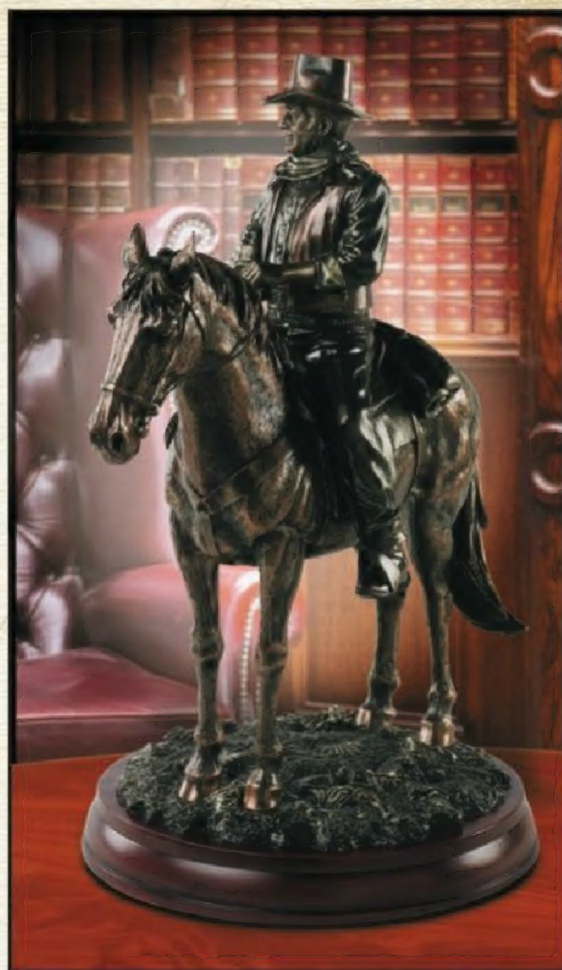
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